



**FIESTA OF THE DAMNED**  
**BY GUY ADAMS**

**THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY**  
Time traveller.

**ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED**  
Time traveller's companion.

**MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD**  
Time traveller's companion – recently rejoined the TARDIS crew.

**JUAN ROMERO:**  
Republican Army commander, 30s. Principled, ex-farmer.

**GEORGE NEWMAN:**  
English journalist, 30s. Thrill-seeker, jovial, cultured but a warrior at heart.

**ANTONIO FERRANDO:/ CONTROL UNIT:**  
Mayor, 40s-50s. Bitter, old before his time./ Machine voice, neutral.

**LUIS:/ PHILLIPE:**  
Slightly mad sufferer of Hansen's Disease, 20s./ Young soldier, optimist, sings and plays guitar.

**ALSO: VARIOUS TOWNSFOLK; VILLAGERS; SOLDIERS; CUÉLEBRE.**

**DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY**  
**SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES**  
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*NB: 'ROMANCE ANONIMO' is a 19<sup>th</sup> century guitar tune [link below]. Section to be hummed by various characters begins at 1 minute 09 seconds approx:*  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Romance\\_An%C3%B3nimo\\_%28Jeux\\_interdits%29.ogg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Romance_An%C3%B3nimo_%28Jeux_interdits%29.ogg)

**PART ONE**

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

**1. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. SPANISH HILLSIDE. A SMALL UNIT OF AROUND TWENTY SOLDIERS ARE CAMPED. CRACKLE OF A BONFIRE. PEOPLE MOVING AROUND, EATING, MUMBLING.

**REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS x 2:**

I can't eat this, I'll be dead by morning!/ Look at the state of my feet, more blisters than toes.../

**ROMERO:**

(JOKING) Philippe, don't just sit there! We don't keep you around for your skills as a soldier. Play something!

**PHILIPPE:**

(LAUGHS) Sir.

FX. HE BEGINS TO PLAY THE GUITAR, 'ROMANCE ANONIMO' — A DISTINCTLY SPANISH TUNE THAT'S EASY FOR PEOPLE TO HUM LATER.

**ROMERO:**

That's better, now if we can teach Rodrigo to cook we might all survive a few more months in the Republican army.

FX. SCRAPING OF FORK IN CANTEEN AS HE TAKES A BITE OF HIS MEAL.

**ROMERO (CONT.):**

(DISGUST) Although perhaps that would be a miracle too far.

**NEWMAN:**

What is this, Commander? Rabbit? Boar?

**ROMERO:**

Whatever it is, Senor Newman, I'm not sure it's dead yet.

**NEWMAN:**

I think I'd sooner eat Phillipe's guitar.

**PHILLIPE:**

Ah... but then you'd miss my beautiful music. Listen...

FX. HE PLAYS A FLOURISH. IN THE DISTANCE SOUND OF BOMBER PLANE APPROACHING.

**ROMERO:**

Shut up a minute... You hear that?

FX. PHILLIPE STOPS PLAYING, PLANE ENGINE GETTING LOUDER.

**NEWMAN:**

Plane coming in from the north!

**ROMERO:**

This far into Republican territory? Damn it! (SHOUTING, BATTLE STATIONS) Get that fire out! Quickly!

**REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS x 2:**

Shovel, quickly!/ Put that cigar out! /Find cover!

FX. SOMEONE STARTS SHOVELLING DIRT ONTO THE FIRE. GENERAL PANIC. PLANE GETTING LOUDER. THE SOLDIERS GO QUIET.

**ROMERO:**

Let's just hope they didn't spot us already.

**NEWMAN:**

Clear night like this? They probably saw us from miles away.

FX. THE PLANE IS ALMOST OVERHEAD.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPERS TO HIMSELF) On your way my Nationalist friends, nothing to see here.

FX. A WHISTLE AS A BOMB FALLS.

**ROMERO:**

Bombing run! (SHOUTS) Spread out! Take cover!

FX. THE BOMB HITS. PLANE FADING AS IT PASSES OVER.

**REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS x 2:**

(WOUNDED, CRY OUT)

FX. CRACKLE OF FIRES.

**ROMERO:**

(COUGHING) Quiet, everyone! Quiet! Who is wounded?

FX. TREES CRACKING, BEGINNING TO FALL.

**NEWMAN:**

What's that noise...?

**PHILLIPE:**

The trees are falling!

**NEWMAN:**

Mind your backs!

FX. A TREE FALLS. THEN ANOTHER. BEAT.

**NEWMAN:**

Everyone all right?

FX. THE ENGINE BEGINS TO GET LOUDER AS THE PLANE TURNS BACK.

**ROMERO:**

The bomber! He's coming back for another pass!

**2. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. THE PLANE ENGINE IN THE DISTANCE, THE SOUND OF THE TARDIS MATERIALISING. THE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT.

**DOCTOR:**

Here we are! As promised, a taste of the real Spain.

FX. HE WALKS OFF. ACE AND MEL EXIT TARDIS.

**MEL:**

Well, it can't be worse than Ricosta.

**ACE:**

I wouldn't bet on it, Donut.

FX: ACE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND. THEY FOLLOW THE DOCTOR.

**DOCTOR:**

Sea air! Sunshine!

**ACE:**

Doctor, it's night-time.

**DOCTOR:**

Patience, Ace. Everything comes to she who waits.

**MEL:**

What's that over there?

**ACE:**

What's what over where?

**MEL:**

Light, coming through the trees – see?

**DOCTOR:**

(NOT LISTENING) Lazy days on the beach...

**ACE:**

Flames, more like. Doctor...

**DOCTOR:**

(STILL OBLIVIOUS) ... all the peace and quiet you could want...

FX. THE PLANE ENGINE IS VERY LOUD NOW.

**MEL:**

(SHOUTING) What's that awful noise?

**DOCTOR:**

(NOT CONVINCED) Someone mowing their lawn?

FX. WHISTLING AS A BOMB DROPS

**ACE:**  
Bomb!

**DOCTOR:**  
Get back to the TARDIS!

**MEL:**  
Get down!!!

FX. BOMB EXPLODES. RESPONSE NOISES FROM THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL AS THEY'RE KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET.

**DOCTOR, ACE & MEL:**  
Ahh! Ooh!! Oof!!

FX. TWO MORE BOMBS FALLING, STAGGERED DISTANCE.

**DOCTOR:**  
Stay down!

FX. TWO MORE EXPLOSIONS, A LITTLE WAY OFF.

**MEL:**  
Doctor? Ace? Are you alright?

**ACE:**  
(COUGHS) Yeah, fine.

**DOCTOR:**  
Careful, Ace. The bombing's disturbed the ground.

**ACE:**  
It looks solid enough to me— Whoaa!

FX. A ROAR OF SHIFTING DIRT, THE EARTH SPLITTING.

**ACE:**  
It's... giving way... Caving in!

**DOCTOR:**  
Ace, I warned you!

**ACE:**  
I can't... (get a grip) I'm slipping!

FX. SCRABBLING AT THE SHIFTING EARTH.

**MEL:**  
(TO ACE) Grab my hand! (SHOUTING) Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm here. Hold the end of my umbrella, I'll... (STRAINING) Pull you both...

FX. EFFORT NOISES FROM ALL. ACE SCRABBLING AT THE DIRT, TRYING TO GET A GRIP.

**ACE:**

Just a bit more...

**MEL:**

That's it, nearly there!

**ACE/MEL/DOCTOR:**

(EFFORT... THEN GASPS AS THEY FALL BACK, EXHAUSTED)

BEAT.

**ACE:**

(GETTING UP) "All the peace and quiet you could want," he says... Seconds after leaving the TARDIS and I'm nearly six feet under.

**DOCTOR:**

We need to get back to the TARDIS.

**MEL:**

Easier said than done, I can't see a thing... (COUGHS)

**ACE:**

Bombs kicking up the dirt. (COUGHS) It's all been churned up.

**MEL:**

(SPITTING OUT DIRT) Well, this is a lovely holiday so far.

**ACE:**

With the Doctor? I've had worse.

**MEL:**

You know what? So have I. We must need our heads examining.

**ACE:**

(LAUGHS) Club Type 40, see the universe and run for your life!

FX. PLANE ENGINE GROWING DISTANT.

**DOCTOR:**

Quickly, while it's turning, we need to move!

**MEL:**

Which way?

**DOCTOR:**

(RUNNING OFF) Towards the fires! It must be some sort of camp!

**ACE:**

(TO HERSELF) And off he runs towards danger.

**MEL:**

There may be someone who needs our help. (SHE RUNS)

**ACE:**

Suppose you're right. (SHE FOLLOWS)



**3. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. ROMERO AND THE SOLDIERS RUNNING. THE PLANE TURNING FOR ONE MORE BOMBING RUN.

**ROMERO:**

Come on! Keep moving! It's not finished with us yet. That's it, faster... You three! Over here! Quickly!

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL RUN UP TO HIM.

**DOCTOR:**

Hello... err, Captain?

**ROMERO:**

(SHOCKED NOW HE CAN SEE THEM) Who in the name of the devil are you?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm the Doctor and these are my friends, [Ace and M-]

**ACE:**

Save it, Professor! (CALLING) Everyone – run!

FX. SHE SHOVES HIM AND THEY ALL RUN TOGETHER.

**MEL:**

(TO PHILLIPE) I take it that bomber is after all of you?

**PHILLIPE:**

They are Nationalists, they are always after us!

**ACE:**

Why, is your guitar that bad?

FX. PLANE SOARING OVERHEAD.

**MEL:**

He's coming back!

**DOCTOR:**

Just keep running!

FX. IT DROPS ANOTHER BOMB. WHISTLE. BOOM! PHILLIPE SCREAMS.

**PHILLIPE:**

Aaahh!!!

**ROMERO:**

Phillipe!

FX. GROUND CAVING IN.

**ACE:**

Get back! The ground's caving in again!

**ROMERO:**

No! Phillipe!

FX. RUMBLE OF TUMBLING DIRT AND ROCK. PHILLIPE SCREAMS, ECHOING AWAY UNDER GROUND.

**MEL:**

You can't help him. I'm sorry. He's gone.

**DOCTOR:**

The plane's banking away.

**ACE:**

Probably out of bombs.

**MEL:**

The ones he had were more than enough.

FX. THE PLANE FADES AWAY COMPLETELY, LEAVING THE CRACKLE OF FIRES. ALL BREATHLESS.

**DOCTOR:**

Ace, Mel, are you alright?

**MEL:**

Fine. I think.

**ACE:**

Yeah, I'm OK. Better than some. I've lost my bearings though, which way back to the TARDIS?

**MEL:**

I think it's that way.

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING IN THE DISTANCE) Those of you who can walk help those who can't. We need to find shelter.

**MEL:**

But we can't just leave them, can we? Shouldn't we help?

**DOCTOR:**

Of course we should. The TARDIS will be alright. Probably.

FX. GEORGE NEWMAN WALKS OVER.

**NEWMAN:**

Do I hear English voices?

**MEL:**

Er, yes!

**NEWMAN:**

You're a long way from home, my friends.

**ACE:**

You too, Mister.

**NEWMAN:**

George Newman, The Times, reporting on the war.

**ACE:**

And how's that going for you?

**NEWMAN:**

Journalism under fire, can't beat it.

**MEL:**

(DISAPPROVING) Well I'm glad someone's having fun. (QUIET, TO THE DOCTOR) Doctor, you do realise you've managed to land us in the middle of a war?

**DOCTOR:**

(QUIET, TO MEL) Well, if your species will keep having them... (TO NEWMAN) Pleased to meet you, Mr Newman. I'm the Doctor, and these are my friends Ace and Mel.

**NEWMAN:**

What are you doing here, all of you?

**ACE:**

You know. Just passing through.

**NEWMAN:**

Tourists?!

**MEL:**

In a way. Who's the Captain?

**NEWMAN:**

(SINCERE, BUT JOCLAR) That, madam, is Juan Romero, Republican hero and man of the people.

**ACE:**

Yeah, I can tell he's popular on account of how someone's trying to blow him up.

**NEWMAN:**

I've been stationed with him and his men for the last few weeks. Up until now things had been rather quiet.

**ACE:**

We must be bad luck. (QUIET) What war is this, anyway?

**NEWMAN:**

What [war?!]

**DOCTOR:**

(CUTTING IN) The Spanish Civil War, obviously.

**ACE:**

(SARCASTIC) Obviously.

**NEWMAN:**

You said you were... passing through?

**DOCTOR:**

We were heading towards the... (BLUFFING) ... er, the town.

**NEWMAN:**

Farissa? ['FA-REE-SA'] Small place, I don't know it. We'll be heading there ourselves now, I suspect, given we've got so many wounded. This part of the coast is mainly Republican, but Romero prefers to camp in the open. Any town or village becomes a target if we enter it. Best not to draw the civilians into the fight if possible.

**DOCTOR:**

Quite right.

FX. ROMERO WALKS OVER.

**ROMERO:**

You said you were a Doctor? I have wounded men.

**DOCTOR:**

I'll help if I can.

FX. HE AND ROMERO WALK OFF.

**NEWMAN:**

It probably sounds mad but it's almost a relief to have Franco's boys take a pop at us.

**MEL:**

It does sound mad, yes. People are dead.

**NEWMAN:**

(COLD) I'm fully aware of that, miss. They were my friends after all. (BEAT) I meant, after a while the quiet makes you nervous. You know the attack will come sooner or later but waiting for it is torture.

**MEL:**

(REALISING SHE MISREAD HIM) Sorry, I didn't mean to seem rude.

**NEWMAN:**

No offence taken. It must be hard for a woman to understand.

**MEL:**

I beg your pardon?

**NEWMAN:**

Well, you know – war and fighting, it's man's business. The battlefield's no place for a woman.

**ACE:**

(AGGRESSIVELY) What did you say?

**NEWMAN:**

Er... present company excepted?

**MEL:**

Don't add to the casualties Ace, we've enough on our hands as it is.

**4. EXT HILLSIDE.**

FX. THE DOCTOR APPROACHES ROMERO.

**DOCTOR:**

Most of your men are safe to move, Commander. I'll do what I can when we get to Farissa.

**ROMERO:**

Thank you, Doctor.

FX. THE DOCTOR STOOPS DOWN TO LOOK INTO THE HOLE IN THE GROUND. HIS VOICE NOW HAS A SLIGHT ECHO.

**DOCTOR (SLIGHT ECHO):**

Fascinating, the bombing's exposed a whole network of caves.

**ROMERO:**

They must run all the way through the hillside.

**DOCTOR:**

I wonder how deep they are? — Pass me that stone.

FX. ROMERO SCRABBLES IN THE DIRT AND DOES SO. THE DOCTOR THROWS IT INTO THE CHASM, IT BOUNCES AND ECHOES.

**DOCTOR:**

Deep.

**ROMERO:**

Deep enough. I lost a good man down there.

**DOCTOR:**

(CONTRITE) Yes, sorry, insensitive of me.

**ROMERO:**

We're at war, who has time for sensitivity?

**DOCTOR:**

Every life is precious. Every death a crime. What was his name, the man you lost?

**ROMERO:**

Phillipe. We grew up in the same village. Played together, fished together... (BEAT) Killed together.

**DOCTOR:**

We choose what to remember and what to forget. That's our right.

**ROMERO:**

Then I'll remember the fishing. And his guitar playing.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah yes, I noticed the guitar. Before all this he was a musician?

**ROMERO:**

In a fair world that's all he would have been.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh to live in a fair world.

**ROMERO:**

Some of us are trying to do just that. (BEAT) We need to move, before I have other old friends to mourn.

FX. THEY WALK AWAY. WE LINGER. A BEAT. THEN A DISTANT CRACKLED BURST OF ELECTRICITY. THEN ANOTHER. THEN A VERY LOW HUM AS SOMETHING POWERS UP. FINALLY, A NEW NOISE:

**PHILLIPE:** ('ZOMBIEFIED')

(FX. HEAVY ECHO AND SLIGHT DISTORT)(SINGS TUNE HE WAS PLAYING EARLIER, BROKEN, OUT-OF-TUNE, A SONG SUNG BY DEAD MAN'S LIPS.)

MUSIC: RIFFING OFF THE SONG, TO COMPLETELY NAIL IT FOR THE LISTENER. TRANSITION.

**5. EXT. HILLSIDE. (LATER)**

FX. FADE UP. THE BAND OF MEN MARCHING.

**ROMERO (OFF):**

Come on, you lot! Keep up, we'll rest when we're safe.

**NEWMAN:**

(APPROACHING ACE) Ace... Ace!

**ACE:**

Oh, it's you. Do you like bruises, or something?

**NEWMAN:**

("EH?") No...

**ACE:**

Cos I thought you'd come over to check if I could keep the pace. Seeing as I'm a woman.

**NEWMAN:**

You're an unusual one, that's for sure.

**ACE:**

You're just asking for trouble now.

**NEWMAN:**

Trouble doesn't bother me. I've had my fair share it over here.

**ACE:**

As a reporter? Typewriter fights back, does it?

**NEWMAN:**

Yes, well – to tell you the truth, we're not supposed to get involved in the fighting. It's frowned upon. But I've always found it hard not to get involved.

**ACE:**

(BEAT, A HINT OF WARMTH) Yeah, I know what you mean.

**NEWMAN:**

'A reporter must stay objective', or so my editor tells me. But when you're marching with good men, when the bullets start to fly... well, you can't just sit on your hands and hide behind your press credentials.

**ACE:**

Even when it's not your war?



**NEWMAN:**

Isn't it? Just because I didn't grow up here, am I supposed to be blind to my principles? I'm here, I've taken sides, it's my war right enough.

**ACE:**

And if the side you've picked starts to lose? What do you do then?

**NEWMAN:**

(QUIET) The Republicans are already losing. They sued for peace back in May but Franco was having none of it. He knew he could press his advantage home.

**ACE:**

So they keep fighting.

**NEWMAN:**

To the last man, probably. That's the cost of principles.

CROSS TO ELSEWHERE IN THE LINE:

**6. EXT. HILLSIDE [CONTINUOUS].**

FX. MARCHING.

**MEL:**

(QUIET) 'A taste of the real Spain'?

**DOCTOR:**

A taste of the real Spain in the winter of 1938, certainly.  
(BEAT) I'm sorry I brought you here, Mel.

**MEL:**

I remember how it used to be with you. History hurts.

**DOCTOR:**

It can do, yes. It can also inspire. An opportunity to meet the guiding lights of human experience.

**MEL:**

Like Juan Romero?

**DOCTOR:**

(UNCERTAIN, WITH SADNESS) Possibly.

**MEL:**

Have you heard of him?

**DOCTOR:**

No.

**MEL:**

That doesn't bode well.

**DOCTOR:**

We can't all be famous. Even the footnotes are inspiring sometimes.

**MEL:**

He seems a good man.

**DOCTOR:**

In war? Is there such a thing?

**MEL:**

Isn't that a bit rich coming from you?

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, I wouldn't say I was a good man either. Just another misguided fool trying his best.

**MEL:**

His men seem devoted to him, certainly.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, poor man. I hope his shoulders are broad enough to take the weight.

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING IN THE DISTANCE) Brave heart my friends, not far now. We'll soon be safe and sound.

**DOCTOR:**

(MUTTERING) If only...

**MEL:**

If only? (SIGHS) What exactly do you know?

**DOCTOR:**

(MOURNFUL) The future. That's the trouble with history, it's already been written.

**MEL:**

(QUIET) The Republicans lose, you mean?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, they do. Badly.

**MEL:**

And here we are, getting involved as always.

**DOCTOR:**

As always.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**7. EXT. FARISSA GATES. (LATER)**

FX. FADE UP. THE SOUND OF A CHURCH BELL RINGING CONTINUOUSLY AS THE SOLDIERS REACH THE GATES OF FARISSA. ROMERO'S ARMY COMING TO A HALT.

**ROMERO:**

Farissa, finally... Seems like they saw us coming.

**DOCTOR:**

(COMING OVER) Ask not for whom the bell tolls, Commander.

**ROMERO:**

Hopefully we'll be welcome.

**DOCTOR:**

And if not?

**ROMERO:**

I have wounded, Doctor, and we've lost a lot of supplies.

**DOCTOR:**

(BEAT) So you won't take no for an answer. (DRY) Well, yes, let's hope we are welcome then.

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTS) Hello! I am Juan Romero of the People's Republican Army. I have men in need of shelter.

FX. THE TOLLING BELL CEASES.

**ROMERO:**

Just beyond the gates there, someone's coming out.

**DOCTOR:**

They're sending people rather than bullets. I suppose that bodes well.

CROSS TO ELSEWHERE IN THE LINE:

**8. EXT. FARISSA GATES (CONTINUOUS).**

**NEWMAN:**

Hello, who's this then?

**ACE:**

If it's a welcoming committee it doesn't look too threatening, it's wearing pyjamas.

**FERRANDO:**

(DISTANT, SHOUTED) I am Antonio Ruiz [ROO-EETH] Ferrando, mayor of Farissa. Juan Romero, your reputation precedes you.

**ACE:**

Is that a good thing?

**NEWMAN:**

In Republican territory? You'd hope so. I suppose we'll find out in a minute.

CROSS BACK TO:

**9. EXT. FARISSA GATES. [CONTINUOUS]**

FX. ROMERO APPROACHES FERRANDO

**ROMERO:**

Señor Ferrando, I apologise for disturbing the peace of your town... and dragging you from your bed.

**FERRANDO:**

The bombs already did that. Lighting up the mountains like fiesta day.

**ROMERO:**

They took us by surprise. It's not normal to have enemy planes this deep in friendly territory.

**FERRANDO:**

The tide is turning, I fear. The Nationalists are growing bolder.

**ROMERO:**

We'll have to see what we can do about that. But first we need to gather our strength. The attack took its toll. Several of my men were wounded.

**FERRANDO:**

We don't have much, but we'll share it nonetheless. Tell your troops to enter with our blessing.

**ROMERO:**

Thank you. We won't outstay our welcome.

**FERRANDO:**

Our town is at your disposal.

**ROMERO:**

Nonetheless, we will leave as soon as we can. I have no wish to make you a target.

**FERRANDO:**

(SIGHS) Let us be honest with one another. You already have, my friend.

**ROMERO:**

These days, nowhere is safe.

**FERRANDO:**

And tonight, Farissa has learned that only too well.

**10: EXT HILLSIDE.**

FX. PHILLIPE CLIMBING OUT OF THE CAVERN. DUST AND ROCK SPILLING IN HIS WAKE. FIRES STILL BURN AROUND HIM. HE FALLS, HITTING THE GROUND WITH A HEAVY THUD. HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND BEGINS TO WALK ALONG, ONE LEG DRAGGING BEHIND IN THE DIRT.

**PHILLIPE (ZOMBIEFIED):**

(TUNELESS SINGING AS BEFORE, MINIMAL EFFORT NOISE, HE IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN AUTOMATON)

**11. EXT. FARISSA STREET.**

FX. ROMERO'S ARMY MARCHES THROUGH THE STREETS. OCCASIONALLY DOORS CREAK OPEN OR WINDOW SHUTTERS SLAM CLOSED.

**MEL:**

Look at the townspeople, Doctor, peering out from behind their doors and windows. They're terrified.

**DOCTOR:**

Not of the soldiers. Of what the soldiers may bring.

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN RUN UP TO JOIN THEM.

**NEWMAN:**

They should be safe. The Nationalists don't make a habit of bombing towns this close to Valencia, they have bigger targets there.

**ACE:**

Tell that to the bloke who was dropping the bombs earlier.

**NEWMAN:**

Honestly, it's rare. Franco is still trying to curry favour with the common man. This is a war fought with propaganda as much as bombs.

**MEL:**

For their sake I hope you're right.

**NEWMAN:**

For all our sakes.



**12. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. ROMERO AND FERRANDO WALKING ALONG, ROMERO'S MEN FOLLOWING BEHIND.

**FERRANDO:**

Space is limited, but we can fit your men in the church.

**ROMERO:**

We'd be happy just camping in the square.

**FERRANDO:**

The least we can offer is a roof.

FX. STOPS, PUSHES OPEN THE CHURCH DOORS. HEAVY CREAK, BIG, STRONG DOORS.

CONTINUES INTO:

**13. INT. CHURCH. [CONTINUOUS]**

FX. FERRANDO AND ROMERO ENTER, COMING TO A HALT JUST INSIDE THE DOORWAY.

**FERRANDO:**

We have a little more space in the town hall, if this isn't enough. But this is God's house, and it should be a place of refuge.

**ROMERO:**

Perhaps the wounded can be billeted in the town hall? It's as well they have their own space, so that... (TRAILS OFF, HE REALISES IT'S BEST NOT TO GIVE A FULL EXPLANATION)

**FERRANDO:**

(UNDERSTANDING ANYWAY) So that their cries don't disturb the rest of your men? I may just be a small town official, Señor Romero, but I'm not entirely fragile.

**ROMERO:**

I meant no disrespect.

**FERRANDO:**

I'm no stranger to death. I lost my son to the war, he died in Galicia.

**ROMERO:**

My condolences.

**FERRANDO:**

Thank you. So you understand when I say that what I'm doing is not kindness, it's duty. I may not be fighting in the war but I will do what I can. If we clear the pews there should be room for your men to bed down.

**ROMERO:**

This is luxury compared to our usual camp, I assure you. I'll have my men clear the space. (SHOUTS) Jorge [HOR-HEY], Daniel [DAN-EE-ELL], gather a party to shift the furniture. Carefully, remember we're guests.

FX. 2 x MEN RUN FORWARD, START TO SHIFT THE PEWS.

**FERRANDO:**

Now, if you will forgive me, I will return to my bed.

**ROMERO:**

Of course, sleep well.

**FERRANDO:**

I will try, but rarely do.

FX. FERRANDO EXITS.

**ROMERO:**

That's it, clear it all right back. Jorge? Let's have the field radio set up at the back, once we're clear you can call in our position.

**14. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. THE WHIRRING OF CICADAS. THEY STOP, SILENCE, THEN THE LIVING-DEAD PHILLIPE DRAGS HIMSELF PAST US.

**PHILLIPE (ZOMBIFIED):**  
(TUNELESS SINGING AS BEFORE)

FX. PHILLIPE FADES OUT. BEAT. CICADAS RESUME.

**15. EXT. CHURCH**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE & MEL ARE SAT OUTSIDE THE CHURCH, WE CAN HEAR THE FAINT SOUND OF PEWS BEING SHIFTED INSIDE.

**ACE:**

Shouldn't we be helping clear the place?

**DOCTOR:**

They can manage, best not to interfere in history.

**MEL:**

(SARCASTIC) Especially when it involves heavy lifting?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, especially then.

**MEL:**

So, let me see if I've got this straight. A few years ago, a group of conservative generals declared a coup on the democratic government.

**DOCTOR:**

Under the leadership of José Sanjurjo [SAN-HUR-HO], yes.

**ACE:**

Hang on, I thought they were led by Franco?

**DOCTOR:**

Sanjurjo died in a plane crash returning from exile. He was carrying too much luggage.

**MEL:**

Luggage?

**DOCTOR:**

It was a small plane, it couldn't take the weight.

**MEL:**

(INCREDULOUS) So why did he pack it all?

**DOCTOR:**

He said it was important he looked impressive when he took power.

**ACE:**

Death by vanity. Right. Even dictators like a nice suit. So then Franco took over?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes.

**MEL:**

But what are they actually fighting about?

**DOCTOR:**

The usual. Politics and religion. The Nationalists believed the Republicans were destabilising the country, eradicating Catholic values, flirting with communism... blah blah...

**MEL:**

And the Republicans?

**DOCTOR:**

The Republicans believe a country should be run democratically, fairer hours for the working man, a move towards a secular government...

**ACE:**

So the Republicans are the good guys?

**DOCTOR:**

In war there's no such thing. They've both committed their share of atrocities.

**MEL:**

But they're better than the Nationalists?

**DOCTOR:**

(NOT WANTING TO COMMIT) Perhaps.

**ACE:**

It doesn't matter anyway, right? The Nationalists win?

**DOCTOR:**

The Battle of the Ebro River has just been fought. Tens of thousands of dead on both sides. It was the deciding battle, the Republicans never recover.

**ACE:**

They're on the run.

**DOCTOR:**

Withdrawing to their safe territories, yes. In a few months those territories will fall. Catalonia, Tarragona, Barcelona...

**MEL:**

Valencia?

**DOCTOR:**

One of the very last to fall. The Republicans will once more try and negotiate a peace, but Franco will only accept an unconditional surrender.

**ACE:**

And they give it to him.

**DOCTOR:**

What choice will they have?

**MEL:**

What happens then? To people like Romero?

**DOCTOR:**

Some escape to other countries. Many are executed, at least thirty thousand.

**MEL:**

Thirty thousand?

**DOCTOR:**

At least. It depends who you believe. Other estimates creep as high as two hundred thousand.

**MEL:**

That's... (CAN'T THINK OF A STRONG ENOUGH WORD)

**DOCTOR:**

War, Mel.

**ACE:**

And Franco takes over Spain.

**DOCTOR:**

And rules it for thirty-six years, until his death in nineteen seventy-five.

**ACE:**

It worked out quite well for him, then.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh yes.

**MEL:**

So there's no point in anything Romero and his men do?

**DOCTOR:**

Of course there's a point. We all have to die someday, it's how we live that matters. On the subject of which...

FX. GETS TO HIS FEET.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

I'm going to see what I can do about the wounded.

**ACE:**

And what do you want us to do?

**DOCTOR:**

Whatever you like, just be careful...

FX. HE WALKS OFF.



**16. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE**

FX. FERRANDO ENTERS HIS STUDY. CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

**FERRANDO:**

Peace at last. Oh to close my front door on all of the world's troubles. And to keep it closed.

FX. UNSCREWS A BOTTLE, POURS HIMSELF A DRINK.

**FERRANDO (CONT.):**

Alfredo my boy, why will you never hang straight?

FX. HE SHIFTS A PICTURE ON THE WALL.

**FERRANDO (CONT.):**

Blame Dolores, eh son? She never puts the pictures back properly after she cleans.

FX. TAKES A SIP OF HIS DRINK.

**FERRANDO (CONT.):**

Or perhaps it's just the weight of your medals, eh? Pulling you down to one side? (BEAT) Much good they did you. The war has come knocking on our door. Juan Romero, the hero, the living legend. (BEAT) One of the lucky ones, one of the few still alive.

FX. ANOTHER SIP.

**FERRANDO (CONT.):**

But for how long I wonder? How long for any of us? They're winning Alfredo. In fact they've probably already won, the rest of us just haven't had the common sense to lie down and die yet. So what was the point? What was any of it for?

FX. DRAINS HIS DRINK.

**FERRANDO:**

No hero's death for any of us, my son, just names on a ledger. Enemies of the state. To hell with us all.

**17. INT. TOWN HALL**

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKING BETWEEN BEDS.

**WOUNDED MAN:**

(MOANS OF PAIN, NO DIALOGUE)

FX. THE DOCTOR STOPS BY HIS SIDE.

**DOCTOR:**

Peace now, run away to dreams.

FX. SILENCE FALLS.

**DOCTOR:**

That's it, sleep, the best thing.

FX. ROMERO ENTERS

**ROMERO:**

Doctor? How are my men?

**DOCTOR:**

Malnourished, fatigued, on the brink of collapse. (BEAT) And as for the wounded...

**ROMERO:**

The war takes its toll.

**DOCTOR:**

Indeed. I've done what I can. Not enough. I haven't the facilities to do more than be kind. Sadly, kindness doesn't heal third-degree burns.

**ROMERO:**

I appreciate your efforts, as I'm sure do they.

**DOCTOR:**

I wish I could help more.

**ROMERO:**

I know. I can see it in your eyes. You wear your heart on your sleeve, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

Few would agree with you there.

**ROMERO:**

Perhaps they didn't trouble themselves to look deeply enough?

**DOCTOR:**

Or perhaps they looked deeper. You should be resting.

**ROMERO:**

I should, but I can't sleep. It won't kill me.

**DOCTOR:**

Don't be so sure.

**ROMERO:**

When I die, Doctor, it'll be from something considerably more painful than tiredness. (BEAT) What were you and your friends doing on the mountainside?

**DOCTOR:**

Running for our lives, the same as you.

**ROMERO:**

Perhaps. Oh, don't worry Doctor, I don't think you're my enemy. But you're not with the Republican army either, are you?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm not with anyone's army.

**ROMERO:**

A pacifist?

**DOCTOR:**

It's a noble ideal.

**ROMERO:**

Indeed. I wish we lived in a world where one could afford to hold it. — Good night, Doctor. Thank you again for your help. Follow your own advice and get some sleep.

**DOCTOR:**

I've never been very good at that.

**ROMERO:**

Following your own advice, or sleeping?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. Good night.

**ROMERO:**

(SLIGHT LAUGH) Good night.

FX. HE LEAVES.

**18. EXT. FARISSA**

FX. THE LIVING DEAD PHILLIPE, DRAGGING HIMSELF ALONG.

**PHILLIPE (ZOMBIFIED):**

(SAME TUNELESS SINGING AS BEFORE)

**19. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. ROMERO HEADING TOWARDS THE CHURCH, FEET ECHOING ACROSS THE SQUARE. GENTLE SOUND OF A SMALL FOUNTAIN. HE SEES MEL.

**ROMERO:**

Do none of you sleep?

**MEL:**

I'm sorry?

**ROMERO:**

I've just been talking to your friend the Doctor.

**MEL:**

Confused yet?

**ROMERO:**

He's a strange one for sure. A pacifist.

**MEL:**

That's strange?

**ROMERO:**

That's not what I meant. Though in a time of war...

**MEL:**

Surely that's when you pacifism comes to the fore.

**ROMERO:**

You and Ace, you're pacifists too?

**MEL:**

Oh, I don't know... Ace wouldn't say so.

**ROMERO:**

Yes, she seems to have a fire in her.

**MEL:**

That's one way of putting it.

**ROMERO:**

And you?

**MEL:**

I'm lucky. I've never had to decide one way or the other, not really.

**ROMERO:**

Even now? Lucky indeed.

**MEL:**

I've... (AVOIDING AWKWARD EXPLANATIONS) I've only just arrived in Spain. Besides, life doesn't allow us to be all one thing or another does it?

**ROMERO:**

I'm a soldier, nothing more.

**MEL:**

I don't believe it, what did you do before the war?

**ROMERO:**

I was a farmer.

**MEL:**

There you go, then. You still are, deep down. One day you'll go back to growing things again.

**ROMERO:**

You really believe that?

(BEAT. MEL, OF COURSE, KNOWS IT'S UNLIKELY)

**MEL:**

I'd like to.

**ROMERO:**

So would I. But in the meantime I'll carry on being a soldier.

FX. THERE'S A LOUD, ALIEN SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE. A BIRDLIKE SCREECH. (AS HEARD IN THE NEXT SCENE)

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECH)

**MEL:**

What was that?

**ROMERO:**

Stay here!

FX. HE RUNS AFTER THE NOISE.

**MEL:**

Fat chance.

FX. SHE RUNS AFTER HIM.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**20. EXT. TOWN HALL.**

FX. THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT OF THE TOWN HALL.

**DOCTOR:**

A taste of the real Spain. (SIGHS) A shame it's so bitter.

FX. IN THE DISTANCE PHILLIPE IS APPROACHING, HIS DRAGGING FOOT.

**PHILLIPE (ZOMBIFIED):**

(TUNELESS SINGING RUNS UNDER THE NEXT FEW LINES)

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING) Hello? Are you alright?

FX. PHILLIPE DRAWS CLOSER.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

(SHOCKED, AS HE SEES THE STATE OF PHILLIPE) Clearly not.

FX. HE MOVES OVER TO HELP.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

It's alright, let me help... (WORRY CREEPING IN) Phillipe? Is that you? ... You look...

FX. PHILLIPE TRANSFORMS. HIS SONG SILENCED, A CRACK OF BONE, A TEARING OF FLESH. THE SAME BIRDLIKE SCREECH WE HEARD IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECH)

**DOCTOR:**

(SHOCK) ... not entirely human! I don't recognise the species, but then (IN AWE) you seem to have so many...

FX. THE CREATURE LASHES OUT, KNOCKING THE DOCTOR TO THE GROUND.

**DOCTOR:**

Aah!! There's no need to... attack me, I'm happy to help. Probably. (CAN'T HELP BEING FASCINATED EVEN AS IT BEARS DOWN ON HIM) What are you? Insect? Avian? Reptilian? You have a lot of rather contradictory genes ...

FX. THE CREATURE COCKS A REVOLVER.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

(DISAPPOINTED RATHER THAN SCARED) And a gun. How disappointing. Look, let's talk, there's really no need to...

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**  
(SCREECH)

FX. GUNSHOT (FROM OFF, WE'LL DISCOVER).

**DOCTOR:**  
Aah!!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME



**PART TWO**

**REPRISE:**

**DOCTOR:**

[...] What are you? Insect? Avian? Reptilian? You have a lot of rather contradictory genes...

*FX. THE CREATURE COCKS A REVOLVER.*

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

(DISAPPOINTED RATHER THAN SCARED) And a gun. How disappointing. Look, let's talk, there's really no need to...

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECH)

*FX. A GUNSHOT (FROM OFF, WE'LL DISCOVER).*

**DOCTOR:**

Aah!!

**SCENE CONTINUES:**

**21. EXT. TOWN HALL [CONTINUOUS].**

*FX. THE CREATURE HOWLS, SHOT BY ROMERO.*

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(PAINED HOWL)

*FX. ROMERO AND MEL COME RUNNING.*

**MEL:**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm fine! I think! Why am I not shot?

**ROMERO:**

Because I wasn't shooting at you.

*FX. HE FIRES AGAIN, TWICE. THE CREATURE HOWLS AND FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A HEAVY THUMP.*

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(PAINED HOWL)

**DOCTOR:**

I didn't know you were the one doing the shooting. Did you have to?

FX. HE SCRABBLES OVER TO THE CREATURE.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

(REMORSEFUL) I think you killed it.

**ROMERO:**

It was trying to kill you!

**DOCTOR:**

That didn't merit a death sentence! The universe would be a rather empty place if it did.

**MEL:**

The Commander saved your life, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, probably. (DISTRACTED) Thank you.

**ROMERO:**

(SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC) Don't mention it. (FX: HOLSTERS GUN) What was that thing, anyway?

**DOCTOR:**

I have no idea. To begin with it looked like... (BEAT. KNOWS IT'S AWKWARD) ... Phillipe.

**MEL:**

The guitar player?

**ROMERO:**

It can't have been.

**MEL:**

Well it certainly doesn't look like him now.

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN COME RUNNING.

**ACE:**

(SHOUTING) Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm fine, Ace, don't fuss.

**NEWMAN:**

Good Lord! What kind of creature is that?

**DOCTOR:**

Precisely what we'd all like to know, Mr Newman.

**NEWMAN:**

Those wings! It's like a giant bat.

FX. FERRANDO RUSHING UP.

**FERRANDO:**

What's going on? What's all the noise — (BREAKS OFF, SEEING CREATURE) Mother of God! What is it? A dragon?

**ACE:**

Your guess is as good as ours, Mr Mayor.

**DOCTOR:**

Keep back, everyone, we don't know if it's still [dangerous—]

FX. SUDDEN ROAR AS THE CREATURE COMES BACK TO LIFE.

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECH)

**ACE/MEL/ROMERO/NEWMAN/FERRANDO:**

(ALARM)

FX. THE CREATURE BEATS HUGE WINGS.

**ACE:**

It's trying to fly off!

**NEWMAN:**

It's amazing!

**ROMERO:**

(UNHOLSTERING GUN) Out of my way.

**DOCTOR:**

(REALISATION) No, Commander!

FX. ROMERO SHOOTS AGAIN, THREE MORE SHOTS, EMPTYING HIS GUN INTO THE CREATURE.

**PHILLIPE (CUÉLEBRE):**

(PAINED HOWL)

FX. IT FALLS TO THE GROUND.

**DOCTOR:**

(ANGRY) Stop shooting!

**ROMERO:**

No choice. I'm out of bullets.

FX. A CRACKLING SOUND, ENERGY DISSIPATING FROM THE CREATURE.

**MEL:**

It's glowing!

**FERRANDO:**

Hellfire!

**DOCTOR:**

(SNAPPY) Hardly. (SHOUTING) Keep back!

FX. BIG DISCHARGE OF ENERGY.

**DOCTOR/FERRANDO:**

(KNOCKED OVER) Aah! Oof! (ETC.)

**MEL:**

(RUSHING FORWARD) Doctor!

**NEWMAN:**

I don't believe it! It's changed. It looks like..

**ROMERO:**

Phillipe.

**ACE:**

(REALISATION) The guitar player! But how can it be?

**DOCTOR:**

(GROANS) Why do people never listen?

**MEL:**

Doctor! You're alright.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm fine. Someone check the mayor, the blast caught him more than me.

FX. ROMERO CHECKS FERRANDO.

**ROMERO:**

Ferrando? Antonio?

**FERRANDO:**

(GROGGY) That creature.. like something from Hell. A Cuélebre!  
[COO-AY-LEBB-RA]

**ACE:**

You what?

FX. THE DOCTOR IS ON HIS FEET AND DASHING OVER.

**DOCTOR:**

Let me see him, he may be concussed. (SNAPPING FINGERS) Mayor Ferrando? – Mayor Ferrando! Can you hear me?

**FERRANDO:**

(GROGGY) What happened?

**ACE:**

An alien blew up, knocking you flying. Then it turned into soldier boy over there.

**FERRANDO:**

(BEAT, STILL GROGGY) Are you quite sure it's me who's concussed?

**NEWMAN:**

Let's get you to your feet, shall we?

**NEWMAN/ACE:**

(EFFORT AS THEY HELP FERRANDO UP)

**MEANWHILE:**

**ROMERO:**

It is Phillipe. I don't understand.

**MEL:**

None of us do, Juan. Give the Doctor time.

**DOCTOR:**

I need the body somewhere safe. Somewhere I can examine it properly.

**ROMERO:**

(PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER) There's a crypt beneath the church.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, then – see to it, Commander.

**22. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. CRACKLING OF ENERGY, MACHINERY OPERATING. AN AUTOMATED VOICE BEGINS TO SPEAK.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Initial scout-form inoperative. Genetic rewrite incomplete. Secondary scout-form sourced. Updating. Updating. Power level limited. Operating at minimal levels to conserve. Commence rewriting now.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**23. INT. CHURCH CRYPT.**

FX. THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING PHILLIPE'S BODY.

**DOCTOR:**

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Bones shattered. Massive internal damage. What happened to you my friend? Hmm?

ACE ENTERS, COMING DOWN THE STONE STEPS.

**ACE:**

(TO HERSELF) Nice crypt, well gothic. (TO THE DOCTOR) Wotcha Frankenstein.

**DOCTOR:**

(RECRIMINATORY) Ace...

**ACE:**

Sorry.

FX. SHE CLEARS THE STEPS AND WALKS OVER.

**DOCTOR:**

I told everyone to stay outside.

**ACE:**

I don't count.

**DOCTOR:**

(SLIGHT HUMOUR) Oh really?

**ACE:**

Course not. Besides, everyone's going spare so I thought I'd see what was happening.

**DOCTOR:**

Not much. This poor man is exactly what he seems to be – a dead human being. Nothing more, nothing less.

**ACE:**

So how come he changed?

**DOCTOR:**

I wish I knew.

**ACE:**

The Mayor called him a funny name. A 'cooey libra'?

**DOCTOR:**

A Cuélebre. A creature from Spanish mythology. Lives in caves. Eats people.

**ACE:**

Yeah. That.

**DOCTOR:**

He's not.

**ACE:**

Well I know that, don't I? I've been around, seen a bit of the universe. That lot up there, though? They've gone Grimm's Fairy Tales about it all.

**DOCTOR:**

They're just trying to understand. (SIGHS) As am I.

**ACE:**

But you're not getting anywhere.

**DOCTOR:**

No.

**ACE:**

Fancy some breakfast then?

**DOCTOR:**

Breakfast?

**ACE:**

You've been down here all night.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh.

**ACE:**

Poking at dead people.

**DOCTOR:**

(LOST IN THOUGHT) Yes.

**ACE:**

So come and have breakfast.

**DOCTOR:**

(STILL AWAY WITH THE FAIRIES) Right.

MUSIC: TRANSITION



**24. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. FERRANDO APPROACHES ROMERO.

**FERRANDO:**

That creature...

**ROMERO:**

I don't begin to understand it.

**FERRANDO:**

It was something from Hell!

**ROMERO:**

Hell? I've spent the last few years there, my friend, and I saw nothing like that.

**FERRANDO:**

(DESPAIRING) What have you brought to my town?

FX. HE WALKS AWAY.

**24. EXT. CAFÉ.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE, MEL AND NEWMAN ARE HAVING BREAKFAST.  
COFFEE BEING POURED.

**ACE:**

I asked for toast.

**DOCTOR:**

That is toast.

**MEL:**

With gallons of olive oil poured on it.

**ACE:**

And tomatoes.

**NEWMAN:**

Did you expect marmalade?

**ACE:**

I hoped for chocolate spread. Always had chocolate spread for  
breakfast when I was on holiday in Spain. (BEAT) And lunch.  
(BEAT) And dinner.

**MEL:**

It's very unhealthy.

**ACE:**

What, chocolate spread?

**MEL:**

All this oil. (BEAT) And chocolate spread.

**ACE:**

Want me to see if they'll do you a smoothie? A really nice one  
filled with spinach and tears?

**DOCTOR:**

Eat your toast. Both of you.

FX. EATS HIS TOAST.

**ACE:**

It's like someone thought about pizza and then gave up.

FX. EATS HER TOAST.

**ACE (CONT):**

Tastes like it too.

**NEWMAN:**

I rather like it myself. Better than the rations we've had for the last few weeks. More coffee?

**MEL:**

How much oil is in it?

**NEWMAN:**

(LAUGHS) Black. No oil.

FX. ROMERO WALKS OVER.

**ROMERO:**

Good morning. May I join you?

**MEL:**

Of course.

FX. HE PULLS UP A CHAIR.

**ROMERO:**

Have you finished examining Phillipe, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

I have, and I'm afraid I've learned nothing.

**ROMERO:**

(SIGHS) I cannot begin to understand. The townspeople are full of superstitious chatter.

**MEL:**

You can hardly blame them.

**ROMERO:**

I suppose not but it won't be long before Ferrando asks us to leave.

**NEWMAN:**

It's hardly our fault.

**ROMERO:**

I'll let you try to convince him of that, shall I? Right now we're the strangers who brought a monster to their town.

**DOCTOR:**

I'll speak to the Mayor.

**ROMERO:**

Thank you, but he has no reason to trust you either.

**DOCTOR:**

People rarely do, yet somehow I manage.

**ACE:**

Or get locked up.

**DOCTOR:**

(IRRITATED) Yes, thank you, Ace.

**MEL:**

Or shot at.

**DOCTOR:**

(EVEN MORE IRRITATED) Yes, thank you, Mel.

**ACE:**

(LOOKING DOWN ROAD) Hello. Who's this?

**NEWMAN:**

Where?

FX. SHIFTS IN HIS SEAT.

**ACE:**

Bloke coming down the road. Black hood and robes. Bit hot for all that, isn't it? Hold on, now the townsfolk are coming out.

STRAIGHT INTO:

**25: EXT. FARISSA STREET.**

FX. LUIS [LOO-EECE], WALKING THROUGH THE TOWN, TALKING TO HIMSELF. IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S HAVING A CONVERSATION BUT NOBODY ELSE SPEAKS.

FX. AS HE WALKS, TOWNSFOLK START TO APPEAR AROUND HIM. SHOUTING AND JEERING.

**TOWNSFOLK [WILDTRACK]:**

Unclean! / Get out! / Keep away! [ETC]

FX. JEERING CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

**LUIS:**

Yes, I know – they don't like it but we've got to eat somehow haven't we? (BEAT) I know, I know – you'd send us food if you could, but you don't like to interfere. I wish you would. (BEAT) Yes, sorry, I shouldn't argue, forget I mentioned it. (TO THE CROWD) Please, my friends! I wish only for some food, anything you can spare!

FX. THE JEERING INTENSIFIES. PEOPLE START THROWING THINGS.

**LUIS:**

Throw the food if you must! I'm not proud, just hungry!

FX. ACE COMES RUNNING.

**ACE:**

Oi! What's he done to you then?

FX. HALF A CABBAGE HITS HER.

**ACE (CONT.):**

Watch it, you! That hit me.

**LUIS:**

Cabbage? Lovely. It's a bit past its best but I'll happily unburden you of it.

FX. THE DOCTOR, ROMERO, MEL AND NEWMAN JOIN THEM.

**ROMERO:**

You people, stop that! (JEERING CONTINUES) I said –

FX. HE FIRES HIS GUN INTO THE AIR.

**ROMERO:**

Stop that!

FX. CROWD FALLS SILENT.

**ROMERO:**

Go back to your homes, I shall escort our visitor out of town.

**TOWNSPERSON:**

(SHOUTS) Make sure you do! We've enough problems without his disease.

**ACE:**

Disease?

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING) Back to your homes!

FX. DISGRUNTLED, THE TOWNSFOLK DISPERSE.

**MEL:**

Doctor – what did they mean, 'disease'?

**DOCTOR:**

I believe this unfortunate gentleman to be suffering from a chronic condition characterised by lesions of the skin. Properly known as Hansen's Disease.

**LUIS:**

Not that I know of. My name is Luis. I, sir, am a leper.

**DOCTOR:**

An archaic label.

**LUIS:**

Whatever it is, it makes me unpopular.

**ACE:**

Someone's going to get a slap if they start throwing things again.

**DOCTOR:**

(QUIETLY) It's a different time, Ace. Leprosy isn't very contagious, but many people still think it is.

**MEL:**

They're afraid?

**ACE:**

That's no excuse.

**MEL:**

Ace. We can't fight a whole town's ignorance.

**ACE:**

I'll happily try if they push it.

**ROMERO:**

(TO LUIS) Come on, friend, let's get you out of here before the people turn nasty again. You picked a bad time to visit.

**LUIS:**

There isn't a good time when you're... as I am. That's my experience anyway. My friends and I don't normally call on our neighbours but... well, times are hard and bellies are empty.

**ACE:**

Do you like toast?

**DOCTOR:**

Ace!

**ACE:**

I mean it, he can have my toast.

**MEL:**

And mine.

**ROMERO:**

Wait here. We have few supplies, but we'll spare what we can.

**MEL:**

I'll help you, Juan.

FX. MEL AND ROMERO EXIT.

**LUIS:**

You're all very kind. (TALKING TO HIMSELF AGAIN) Aren't they kind? I know! It is rare. (BEAT) Oh, well – trust you to take the credit, you would say you sent them, wouldn't you?

**ACE:**

Who are you talking to?

**LUIS:**

Hmm? Oh! Our Lord, of course. I've got into the habit, no-one else seems to listen.

**DOCTOR:**

Quite.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**26. EXT. FARISSA GATES. (LATER)**

FX. GATES CREAK OPEN (FROM INSIDE). ROMERO HANDS LUIS A SMALL BAG OF FOOD.

**ROMERO:**

Here, my friend. Stale bread, olives, a little cheese. Marching rations.

**LUIS:**

Are you sure, Captain?

**ROMERO:**

It's only marching rations. But we may rely on the generosity of the townsfolk, whereas you...

**LUIS:**

I'm sure they are generous, deep down.

**MEL:**

(TO LUIS) Is it far, your village?

**LUIS:**

It's not a village – more of a commune, really. It's a couple of miles away. Place called Esperanza. It's quite nice, we have a water mill and a river you can swim in. We used to have a hospital but that's all closed down now.

**MEL:**

Were the staff dragged into the war?

**LUIS:**

Oh, probably, they didn't say, just packed up their white coats and their equipment and drove off one morning. Maybe they'll be back. – But I have detained you long enough. Thank you, my friends. God be with you.

FX. LUIS WALKS OFF.

**MEL:**

(CALLING AFTER) And you! (TO ROMERO) That was good of you, Juan. Sparing those rations.

**ROMERO:**

We fight for all of Spain, not just those fortunate enough to have good health. I just hope I'm right, that the townsfolk will show us more kindness than they did friend Luis.

**MEL:**

They won't kick you out, surely?



**ROMERO:**

After what happened last night... (DESPAIRING) Oh, I just don't know what to think. It must have been an illusion of some kind, maybe the Nationalists are using some kind of gas...

**MEL:**

I think there's a bit more to it than that.

**ROMERO:**

There must be a logical explanation. Phillipe can't have been dead. He managed to climb out of the pit, walk as far as the town...

**MEL:**

(SARCASTIC) And then turned into a weird, bird, lizard monster?

**ROMERO:**

(ANGRY) I don't know! (CALMS HIMSELF) I believe in monsters, Mel, I've faced many in my life... (BEAT) But they were all human.

**MEL:**

I've seen things, Juan, things just as strange, just as... alien as that creature last night. Monsters come in all shapes and sizes.

**ROMERO:**

(SARCASTIC) You're sounding like the townspeople. You think we're dealing with a Cuélebre as well?

**MEL:**

Of course not. (BEAT) Well, probably not. I'm not talking about myths and legends, Juan, I'm talking about reality. There are strange things in the universe.

FX. THEY STOP WALKING.

**ROMERO:**

I can't help but think I'm looking at one of them now. Who are you, Mel?

**MEL:**

(BEAT) A friend. Someone who just wants to help. (BEAT) Come on, let's see if the Doctor's figured out anything useful.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**27. EXT. CHURCH**

FX. ACE IS SAT ALONE, NEWMAN APPROACHES

**NEWMAN:**

Hello, old thing. Waiting for morning prayers?

**ACE:**

You what?

**NEWMAN:**

It's a church, you know, praying tends to be popular.

**ACE:**

Not with me.

**NEWMAN:**

(SIGHS) Excuse me for asking. (BEAT; BRIGHTLY) Fancy stretching your legs?

**ACE:**

I fancy beating up some people.

**NEWMAN:**

I can't help with that, but I can offer you a trip out of town. I dropped my camera in the bombing, you see, and I'm heading back to the camp to see if I can find it. Want to come with?

**ACE:**

Yeah, alright. (GETTING UP) Anything's better than hanging around here.

**NEWMAN:**

I'm glad my company's such a draw.

**ACE:**

(GOOD HUMOURED) I'm coming, aren't I?

**28. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. KNOCK ON DOOR.

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING) Hello? Señor Ferrando?

FX. HE KNOCKS AGAIN.

**DOCTOR:**

I Just wanted to talk to you about a few things. You know...  
(UNCERTAIN. NOW TO HIMSELF) Alien creatures wandering about,  
that sort of thing...

**FERRANDO:**

(GROANS FROM OFF. HE SOUNDS ILL)

**DOCTOR:**

(CONCERNED) Señor Ferrando?

FX. DOCTOR PUSHES DOOR. FOLLOW HIM HE ENTERS ROOM.

**FERRANDO:**

(COMES TO; SLURRED) What? Who is it? (BEAT) Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Sorry to barge in. Are you alright? You sound... unwell.

**FERRANDO:**

(SLURRED) Asleep. Not myself.

**DOCTOR:**

Perhaps I can help?

**FERRANDO:**

(SLURRED) No, just need... peace and quiet. (HARD) Leave.

**DOCTOR:**

Maybe I should just give you a quick once-over? I'm medically  
trained. (TO HIMSELF) I seem to remember.

**FERRANDO:**

(SUDDENLY ANGRY) Leave!

**DOCTOR:**

Very well. If you're sure.

FX. HE WALKS OUT. BEAT.

**FERRANDO:**

(BEGINS TO HUM THE SAME TUNE AS PHILLIPE THE NIGHT BEFORE...)

**29. EXT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. THE DOCTOR STEPPING OUT OF FERRANDO'S HOUSE.

**DOCTOR:**

(TO HIMSELF) Can it be? Could they have seeded this far out?

FX. ROMERO AND MEL APPROACH.

**MEL:**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

(DISTRACTED) Hello, Mel. Commander.

**ROMERO:**

Something wrong, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Señor Ferrando, he's... (EXASPERATED) Oh, this is all such a mess!

**MEL:**

There's something wrong with Ferrando?

**DOCTOR:**

I don't know. Or maybe I do. I hope not. Where's Ace?

**ROMERO:**

We just passed her and Senor Newman.

**MEL:**

He dropped his camera last night, they've gone to try and find it at the old camp.

**DOCTOR:**

(SUDDENLY SHARP) They've gone back there? That's the last place they should be!

FX. BEGINS TO RUN OFF.

**MEL:**

Doctor? Where are you going?

FX. THE DOCTOR RUNS BACK.

**DOCTOR:**

Stay here. Keep an eye on Ferrando. He may be in danger. Or dangerous. Or both.

**MEL:**

Dangerous?

**DOCTOR:**

Stay here!

FX. RUNS OFF AGAIN.

**MEL:**

(CALLING) Doctor!

FX. HE STOPS. COMES BACK. DIGGING IN HIS POCKETS.

**DOCTOR:**

Wait. I'm sure it's in here somewhere... Aha!

**MEL:**

A toy dinosaur?

**DOCTOR:**

(RUNNING OFF) Use it to stay in touch!

**ROMERO:**

What does he mean, use it to stay in touch?

FX. MEL FIDDLES WITH IT, A CRACKLE OF RADIO STATIC.

**MEL:**

Ah. It's a walkie-talkie. A plastic dinosaur walkie-talkie!

**ROMERO:**

I have no idea what that is.

FX. SHE SHOVES IT IN HER POCKET.

**MEL:**

Doesn't matter. He said to keep an eye on Ferrando, so that's what we need to do.

**30. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN WALKING ALONG.

**ACE:**

So – you been in many wars, then, George?

**NEWMAN:**

(BEAT) What a strange question... I served on the Italian Front in 1917. Not many since then, thankfully.

**ACE:**

But you enjoy it.

**NEWMAN:**

(SHOCKED) Enjoy?

**ACE:**

OK, maybe that's the wrong word but you're thrilled by it. Some people couldn't bear to be here... but you? I think you thrive off it.

**NEWMAN:**

(BEAT. THEN AN HONEST REPLY.) Maybe a little.

**ACE:**

Where I come from we have an expression for that: adrenaline junkie.

**NEWMAN:**

Junkie? And what do you mean 'where I come from'? You're as British as I am.

**ACE:**

Perivale. Local expression. Junkie means addict.

**NEWMAN:**

Addicted to adrenalin. (SIGHS) Perhaps. I've seen terrible things, done terrible things... and yet, back in London, reporting on empty, trifling stories... I felt, empty somehow. Adrift.

**ACE:**

I know what you mean. I've seen amazing stuff travelling with the Doctor, but some of it was horrible. If you asked me to stop though, to go back to my boring life back home...

**NEWMAN:**

You couldn't do it.

**ACE:**

And I never will.

**NEWMAN:**

What we saw last night, everyone else was panicking but you...  
You were excited.

**ACE:**

So were you.

**NEWMAN:**

I was intrigued.

**ACE:**

You were excited. Because it was something different, something  
unknown.

**NEWMAN:**

(ACCEPTING IT) Those are the things a journalist lives for.

**ACE:**

(TRIUMPHANT) Because you're an adrenaline junkie!

**NEWMAN:**

Just like you.

**ACE:**

(WITH A BIG GRIN) Definitely!

MUSIC: TRANSITION

**31. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. LUIS IS WALKING ALONG, HEADING BACK TO HIS OWN VILLAGE, TALKING TO HIMSELF AS USUAL.

**LUIS:**

Yes, yes, they were very nice. Very nice indeed. And at least I'm not going home empty-handed. (BEAT) No, I know it's not much but we'll manage. (BEAT) Yes, we'll get by. Hello...

FX. HE PUTS DOWN THE FOOD, PEERING INTO THE CAVERN.

**LUIS (CONT.)(SLIGHT ECHO):**

Love a good cave. Fun things to poke around in, caves...

FX. LUIS SCRABBLES AT LOOSE DIRT.

**LUIS (CONT.)(SLIGHT ECHO):**

Look at that! Even more opened up after all those bombs. Whole mountainside will probably fall in before long. Unstable. (BEAT) Yes. I know, bombs are very horrible. Caves are interesting though don't you think? (BEAT) Oh. Well, I (think they are) AHH!!

FX. HE SLIPS, FALLING INTO THE HOLE IN THE GROUND. LOTS OF RUSHING DEBRIS, A FEW MORE SCREAMS THEN HE COMES TO A HALT. THERE'S THE SOUND OF ELECTRONIC POWER. THE SAME PULSING HEARD IN SCENE 22.

**LUIS (ECHO):**

(SPITS OUT DIRT)You did that on purpose, just because I disagreed. Ooh... What are these? Like grapefruit... glowing grapefruit... I wonder if you can eat...

FX. DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY.

**LUIS (ECHO):**

Ahh!!

FX. THE PULSING SOUND GROWS LOUDER AS LUIS IS SCANNED, THE CONTROL UNIT VOICE FROM SC. 22 SPEAKING AGAIN.

**CONTROL UNIT (ECHO):**

Scanning. Scanning. Biological infection present. Recalibrating. Reprocessing for human baseline.



**32. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN SEARCHING THE REMAINS OF THE CAMP.

**NEWMAN:**

'Police Public Call Box'? What on earth's that doing here?

**ACE:**

(COMING OVER) Oh, there she is! We mislaid her in the bombing, same as your camera.

**NEWMAN:**

It's a bit bigger than my camera.

**ACE:**

Yeah, well, there was dust and bombs and 'boom!' so we got a bit turned around.

**NEWMAN:**

Fell out of your pocket did it?

**ACE:**

Just don't worry about it! Get looking for your camera.

**NEWMAN:**

I am, no sign of anything though...

**ACE:**

Maybe it fell into one of the caves.

FX. SHE STOOPS DOWN TO LOOK INTO ONE OF THE HOLES.

**ACE (CONT.):**

(ECHOES) Hello!

**NEWMAN:**

If it did it's likely in pieces.

**ACE:**

I can see something shining down there.

**NEWMAN:**

Shining?

**ACE:**

Glowing... like... (EXASPERATED) I don't know, like a glowy thing.

**NEWMAN:**

Have you ever considered a career in journalism?

**ACE:**

No. You ever considered a career in potholing?

**NEWMAN:**

I don't even know what that is.

**ACE:**

I'll show you.

FX. SHE DIGS HER ROLL-UP LADDER OUT OF HER RUCKSACK.

**NEWMAN:**

You keep a ladder in your bag?

**ACE:**

Well, you never know do you?

**33. EXT. FARISSA.**

ROMERO AND MEL ARE SAT OUTSIDE FERRANDO'S HOUSE.

**ROMERO:**

I can't sit here all day you know, just staring at Ferrando's front door.

**MEL:**

What else are you going to do?

**ROMERO:**

I am a commanding officer, I need to be with my men.

**MEL:**

While they do what?

**ROMERO:**

We are in the middle of a war!

**MEL:**

Not in Farissa you're not.

**ROMERO:**

No, we are in the middle of a ludicrous, impossible situation where members of my squad turn into monsters!

**MEL:**

Which you can do nothing about. Except sit there and watch that front door.

**ROMERO:**

(BEAT) You are a very annoying woman.

**MEL:**

Apparently. So you're going to stay here then, yes?

**ROMERO:**

(SIGHS) For a little longer.

(BEAT)

**MEL:**

Did you like being a farmer?

**ROMERO:**

What a strange question.

**MEL:**

I didn't want to ask whether you liked being a soldier.

(BEAT)

**ROMERO:**

Yes, I liked being a farmer. It meant I spent most of my day on my own, out in the fields, lost in my thoughts. Peaceful.

**MEL:**

Not much peace for you now.

**ROMERO:**

In any sense of the word. But that's why we fight isn't it? So that one day we can all go back to the quiet fields.

FX. FROM INSIDE FERRANDO'S HOUSE, A CRASHING SOUND.

**MEL:**

What was that?

**ROMERO:**

Something I'm sure the Doctor would want us to investigate.

**MEL:**

Definitely.

FX. THEY HEAD TOWARDS FERRANDO'S HOUSE.

**34. INT. CAVES.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN DROP DOWN FROM THE LADDER, ECHOES, TRICKLING OF DIRT AND ROCK. THEY WALK AROUND INSIDE THE CAVE.

**ACE:**

How far do you think the caves stretch on for?

**NEWMAN:**

Who knows? Could be miles. I wish we had a torch.

**ACE:**

Look over there, we won't need one.

**NEWMAN:**

Glowing light. Blue. Electric?

**ACE:**

Not your camera then.

**NEWMAN:**

No. You think it's something the plane dropped? Some new form of weapon?

**ACE:**

(SARCASTIC) A new form of weapon that fell into the earth, grew legs and then burrowed off deeper into the caves?

**NEWMAN:**

(DEFENSIVE) Who knows? People get very creative in wartime.

**ACE:**

True, and to be fair I've seen weirder things. Not in this time period though, and not invented by Spanish Nationalists. Whatever that is, I think the bombs uncovered it.

**NEWMAN:**

"Time period"?

**ACE:**

Another local Perivale expression.

**NEWMAN:**

(BEAT. UNCONVINCED) Hmm... (CHANGES BACK TO THE ORIGINAL SUBJECT) So you think this is something to do with what happened last night? The monster thing?

**ACE:**

Bit of a coincidence otherwise.

**NEWMAN:**

(WITH A BIG GRIN) Shall we take a look?

**ACE:**

Try and stop me.

**35. INT. CAVES.**

FX. LUIS STILL BEING 'ATTACKED' BY ONE OF THE SPHERES.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Recalibration achieved. Baseline set. Viral wetware triggered.  
(BEAT) Halt processing! Potential security risk detected in  
control location. Reroute power supply. Inferior lifeforms  
engaged.

FX. THE SOUND OF THE SPHERE CEASES. LUIS GASPING WITH RELIEF AS  
SUDDENLY HE CAN MOVE.

**LUIS:**

What's that? Run? Yes, Yes... I think that's a very good idea.

FX. HE DOES SO, SCRABBLING UPWARDS TOWARDS THE OPEN AIR.

**36. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. FROM BEHIND INTERIOR DOOR: A LOUD CRASH. FERRANDO IS OVERTURNING FURNITURE, OFF.

**FERRANDO:**

(THROUGHOUT: HUMMING PHILLIPE'S TUNE IN A CRAZED FASHION, WHILE HE CRASHES AROUND THE PLACE)

FX. ROMERO PUSHES OPEN THE FRONT DOOR.

**ROMERO:**

Señor Ferrando? Antonio?

**MEL:**

Sounds like he's smashing the place up. Come on.

**ROMERO:**

Wait. 'In danger or dangerous', that's what the Doctor said.

**MEL:**

So?

**ROMERO:**

If he's dangerous we need to be cautious.

**MEL:**

You're used to dangerous things, you're a soldier.

**ROMERO:**

One who's still alive because he knows when to charge in and when to approach carefully. Stay behind me.

**MEL:**

I'm not some delicate flower that needs protecting. Come on, we'll go together.

FX. ANOTHER CRASH, LOUDER THIS TIME.

**MEL (CONT.):**

Cautiously.



**37. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. THE DOCTOR RUNNING ALONG.

**DOCTOR:**

If it's not one of them, it's the other. Sticking their heads in the lion's jaws. When will they learn?

FX. STOPS TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

**DOCTOR:**

When I do, probably.

**38. INT. CAVES.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN MAKING THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE CAVES.

**ACE:**

It's getting brighter, we must be close.

FX. NEWMAN STUBS HIS TOE.

**NEWMAN:**

Ah! I still wish we had a torch.

**ACE:**

(MOCKING) Want me to hold your hand?

**NEWMAN:**

(TURNING IT BACK ON HER) If it makes you feel better. You must be very scared down here... (PLAYFUL) ... you know, being a woman.

**ACE:**

I can still see you to slap you, you know.

**NEWMAN:**

Hold my hand, then. (BEAT, THEN HASTY, BRUSHING IT OFF) So you won't be able to hit me with it, I mean.

**ACE:**

Right... (CHANGES SUBJECT) Through here. Mind, it's narrow...

FX. SHE STARTS TO PULL HERSELF THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGE. NEWMAN FOLLOWING.

**NEWMAN:**

(EFFORT) Isn't it just?

**ACE:**

(EFFORT) Just a few more feet.

FX. SHE STEPS OUT INTO A LARGE CAVERN, BIGGER ECHO. PULSE OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. SLOWLY, NEWMAN EMERGES BEHIND HER.

**NEWMAN:**

This place is the size of a cathedral!

**ACE:**

A cathedral filled with glowing blue spheres.

**NEWMAN:**

What are they?

**ACE:**

Haven't a clue. Shall we nick one?

**NEWMAN:**

Are you sure they're safe to touch?

**ACE:**

No.

FX. NEWMAN REMOVES HIS JACKET.

**NEWMAN:**

I'll wrap one in my jacket.

FX. CHIRPING OF A SWARM OF BATS. QUIET TO BEGIN WITH. DISTANT.

**ACE:**

What was that?

**NEWMAN:**

Just bats. Caves are probably full of them. Don't tell me you're scared of a few bats?

FX. THE CHIRPING GETS LOUDER. SOUND OF BEATING WINGS. THE SWARM GETTING CLOSER.

**ACE:**

(NOT ENTIRELY TRUE) No, of course not.

FX. NEWMAN REACHES FOR ONE OF THE SPHERES. WE HEAR IT PULSE LOUDER AS HE LIFTS IT UP. THE SWARM ALSO GETTING LOUDER IN THE BACKGROUND.

**NEWMAN:**

It tingles, even through the cloth of the jacket. Like it has a live current.

**ACE:**

Come on, I think we should go.

**NEWMAN:**

Just a moment, I don't want to touch this thing with my bare hands.

FX. THE SWARM SUDDENLY ERUPTS INTO THE CAVERN, A HUGE, WALL OF SOUND.

**ACE:**

(SHOUTING) There's thousands of them! Run!

**39. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN.**

FX. ELECTRONIC PULSING OF THE CONTROL UNIT.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Seed unit captured. Insufficient energy for germination.  
Inferior life forms engaging. Secondary scout-form triggered.  
Priority: locate fresh power source.

**40. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE**

FX. WE'RE IN THE SAME ROOM AS FERRANDO NOW, CRASHING AROUND AS HE'S 'TRIGGERED' BY THE CONTROL UNIT.

**FERRANDO:**

(CRAZED, STILL HUMMING PHILLIPE'S TUNE...)

FX. MEL AND ROMERO ENTER.

**MEL:**

Señor Ferrando? – Juan, he's glowing...!

**ROMERO:**

Like Phillipe last night, like that thing...!

FX. AS IN SCENE 20, THE CRACKING OF BONE AND TEARING OF FLESH AS FERRANDO CHANGES FORM, BECOMING A CUÉLEBRE.

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES)

**MEL:**

That's not Senor Ferrando! Not any more!

**ROMERO:**

Get back! (COCKS HIS REVOLVER) The last one didn't like being shot much.

**MEL:**

No, Commander!

FX. SHE LASHES OUT AT HIM. HE DROPS THE GUN.

**ROMERO:**

Ah! – My gun! What are you doing!

**MEL:**

We can't just kill it. For all we know, Ferrando might still be alive in there, somehow.

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES)

**ROMERO:**

I doubt it's feeling quite so generous towards us.

**MEL:**

Run!

FX. THEY RUN.

**41. INT. CAVES.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN ON THE RUN, FORCING THEMSELVES OUT OF THE NARROW PASSAGE AND INTO THE TUNNEL BEYOND.

**ACE:**

Keep moving!

**NEWMAN:**

(SARCASTIC) I hadn't thought of that!

FX. THE BATS ARE SWIRLING AROUND THEM, SWOOPING AND ATTACKING.

**ACE:**

Ah! (SWINGING FOR THEM. EFFORT NOISES) Get! Off! Me!

FX. THEY RUN ALONG THE TUNNEL.

**42. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. MEL AND ROMERO RUNNING FROM THE CUÉLEBRE.

**MEL:**

Juan! In here!

FX. THEY RUN INTO A ROOM AND SHE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. IMMEDIATELY THE CUÉLEBRE BEGINS BEATING ON THE WOOD.

**ROMERO:**

Bedroom. No other door. We're trapped.

**MEL:**

Just find something to barricade the door! That dresser, if we can pull that in front of it.

**ROMERO:**

Hold on.

FX. HE RUNS TO THE DRESSER, STARTS SHOVING IT. NOISE RUNS UNDER FOLLOWING.

**MEL:**

(EFFORT) Quickly!

FX. THE CUÉLEBRE BEATING AT THE DOOR STILL.

**MEL (CONT.):**

(MAJOR EFFORT) It's too strong! I can't... hold...

**ROMERO:**

Nearly there! Move!

FX. HE SLAMS THE DRESSER AGAINST THE DOOR. CUÉLEBRE KEEPS TRYING TO FORCE ITS WAY IN THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

**MEL:**

That won't hold for long.

FX. SHE PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE. CRACKLE OF RADIO STATIC.

**ROMERO:**

What are you doing?

**MEL:**

Calling the Doctor.

CROSS TO:

**43: EXT HILLSIDE.**

FX. MEL'S VOICE COMING THROUGH ON THE WALKIE TALKIE MUFFLED IN THE DOCTOR'S POCKET.

**MEL (D):**

Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me?

FX. DOCTOR PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE. MEL'S VOICE IS CLEARER NOW.

**MEL (D):**

Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Mel? What's wrong?

**MEL (D):**

Ferrando. He's turned into one of those things. A cooey-libra, like Ace says. He's got us cornered.

**DOCTOR:**

(TO HIMSELF, PANICKED) No, no, no... (TO MEL) Mel? Whatever you do, don't let it touch you! Do you hear me?

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE:



**44. INT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. CUÉLEBRE STILL BEATING ON THE DOOR, THE DOCTOR'S VOICE CONTINUOUS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE.

**DOCTOR (D):**

Don't let it touch you!

**MEL:**

Easier said than done.

FX. THE DOOR BEGINS TO SPLIT.

**ROMERO:**

It's getting in...!

**45A. EXT. CAVE.**

FX. ACE AND NEWMAN PULLING THEMSELVES UP INTO THE OPEN. THE SOUND OF THE BATS MORE DISTANT.

**NEWMAN:**

Almost there, give me your hand!

**ACE:**

I'm alright!

**NEWMAN:**

But I'm not! Give me your hand!

**ACE:**

Come on!

FX. EFFORT NOISES AS SHE HELPS PULL HIM UP.

**NEWMAN:**

The bats.

**ACE:**

Seem happy to stay down there. Looks like we're in the clear.

FX. A LOW, FELINE GROWL.

**NEWMAN:**

Oh no... I'm not sure of that.

**ACE:**

What is it? (BEAT) Oh.

FX. MORE GROWLING. A LARGE PACK OF LYNX, CIRCLING THEM.

**NEWMAN:**

Lynx.

**ACE:**

Lynx aren't dangerous, are they?

**NEWMAN:**

Neither are bats, normally. But with a pack this size... There must be twenty or thirty! What's drawing them all?

**ACE:**

Us. They're after us.

FX. THE LYNX ROAR.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME

**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

*FX. MORE GROWLING. A LARGE PACK OF LYNX, CIRCLING THEM.*

**NEWMAN:**

*Lynx.*

**ACE:**

*Lynx aren't dangerous, are they?*

**NEWMAN:**

*Neither are bats normally. But with a pack this size... There must be twenty or thirty! What's drawing them all?*

**ACE:**

*Us. They're after us.*

*FX. THE LYNX ROAR.*

SCENE CONTINUES:

**45B. EXT. CAVE [CONTINUOUS].**

**ACE:**

*(SOFTLY) Get back into the caves, George.*

**NEWMAN:**

*What's to stop them following us down there?*

**ACE:**

*(SNAPPY) I don't know! Got any better ideas?*

*FX. IN THE DISTANCE THE DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED, HIS VOICE CARRYING TOWARDS THEM.*

**DOCTOR:**

*(SHOUTING) Ace! Get ready to run!*

*FX. THE LYNX HOWL, A TERRIBLE, DISTRESSED SOUND.*

**NEWMAN:**

*They're scattering. What's wrong with them?*

**ACE:**

*Who cares? You heard the Doctor. Run!*

FX. THEY SPRINT TOWARDS THE DOCTOR. THE SOUND OF THE HOWLING LYNX GROWING FAINTER BEHIND THEM. AS THEY REACH THE DOCTOR HE GASPS FOR AIR.

**DOCTOR:**

(OUT OF PUFF) I think we're alright now, they don't seem to be following.

**ACE:**

What did you do?

**DOCTOR:**

I used this.

**ACE:**

A dog whistle?

**DOCTOR:**

A very special dog whistle. (LIKE A SMALL CHILD WITH A BRILLIANT TOY) Look, I can control frequency, volume...

**ACE:**

(INTERRUPTING) You don't have a dog.

**DOCTOR:**

(DEFENSIVE) I used to. And when I wanted to call him, I often needed a bit of extra oomph.

**NEWMAN:**

Lynx aren't dogs.

**DOCTOR:**

(GETTING SNIPPY) They're still susceptible to high frequencies. It worked, didn't it?

**ACE:**

Yeah. But why did they turn on us in the first place?

**DOCTOR:**

That's a conversation for later. Mel's in trouble.

FX. PULLS OUT HIS WALKIE TALKIE.

**ACE:**

What's with the toy dinosaur?

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

It's not a toy, it's a — Well, it *is* a toy. Oh, never mind! (INTO WALKIE TALKIE) Mel? Can you hear me, Mel? (BEAT) Mel?

**ACE:**

What's happening?

**DOCTOR:**

Nothing good. (ANGRY) Speak to me, Mel!

**46. EXT. FERRANDO'S HOUSE.**

FX. A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THEN "SMASH" A WINDOW EXPLODES OUTWARD. MEL AND ROMERO APPEAR AT THE WINDOW.

**ROMERO:**

You first, it's not far to jump.

**MEL:**

It's far enough!

FX. SHE BRUSHES AWAY BROKEN GLASS THEN JUMPS, HITTING THE GROUND WITH A GRUNT.

**MEL:**

(EFFORT NOISE)

**ROMERO:**

Look out below!

FX. HE JUMPS AFTER HER.

**ROMERO:**

(EFFORT NOISE)

FX. HE LANDS.

**MEL:**

Broken anything?

**ROMERO:**

(WINDED) I don't think so.

**MEL:**

Me neither.

FX. IN MEL'S POCKET, THE DOCTOR'S VOICE ON THE WALKIE TALKIE:

**DOCTOR (D):**

Mel! Come in, Mel!

FX. MEL PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE.

**MEL:**

I'm OK Doctor, just a little busy at the moment.

FX. DISTANT SOUND OF THEIR BARRICADE GIVING WAY, THEN THE CUÉLEBRE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES FROM WINDOW)

**ROMERO:**

We need to gather my men.

**MEL:**

As long as we're getting away from that, I'm happy.

**ROMERO:**

Then hurry! It's going to jump!

FX. THEY BEGIN TO RUN. BEHIND THEM, CUÉLEBRE LANDS ON GROUND.

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES)

**47. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. LUIS NOW FREE OF THE CAVES, BRUSHING HIMSELF DOWN.

**LUIS:**

I know! Very lucky to get out of there. Quite a climb, yes. And I'm not in the best of condition... (A BEAT, REALISING SOMETHING) My hands... wait, that doesn't make sense. They're perfect, there's no sign of... (TRAILS OFF, THEN:)

FX. HE STARTS TEARING OFF HIS CLOTHES. NOISE RUNNING UNDERNEATH THE BELOW.

**LUIS (CONT.):**

My chest! Look at my chest! It's... (BEAT) It's a miracle! – What, that's what you were about to say? Well, you'd not seen fit to say so before, had you? I'm – I'm cured!

FX. RUNS OFF, CELEBRATORY WHOOPS AND LAUGHING.



**48. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Tertiary test subject escaped. Connection with inferior lifeforms severed. Power reserves: now at emergency levels. Operation analysis: thirty four percent. Prognosis: Poor. Channeling all remaining power to secondary scout-form. Mission imperative: trigger wide-scale network for power harvesting.

**49. EXT. CAVES.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND NEWMAN APPROACHING THE CAVES.

**DOCTOR:**

I hope Mel's alright...

**ACE:**

(SUPPORTIVE) She can look after herself. – Looks like you scared those pussycats off for good.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, I hope I didn't them any harm. They're nearly extinct.

**ACE:**

Yeah, so were we.

**NEWMAN:**

At least we got out with this.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh?

**NEWMAN:**

Some strange globe. Found it in the tunnels.

FX. HE UNWRAPS THE SPHERE, WE CAN HEAR IT PULSE VERY FAINTLY.

**DOCTOR:**

(PANIC) Ah! Drop it! Quickly!

FX. HE BEGINS PATTING HIS POCKETS. NEWMAN DROPS THE SPHERE. IT GIVES A LOUDER PULSE AS IT HITS THE GROUND.

**NEWMAN:**

What is it? What's wrong?

**DOCTOR:**

Get back! That thing is the source of all our problems. (STILL PATTING POCKETS) Somewhere here I have a... Aha!

FX. HE PULLS SOMETHING FROM HIS POCKET.

**ACE:**

What's that, then?

**DOCTOR:**

Emergency phone charger!

FX: HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND THERE'S A LOW, BEEPING SOUND.

**ACE:**

What good will that do? We don't want to make a phone call!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, yes, it's slightly illegal actually. It siphons energy from nearby sources to boost your battery.

FX. THE PULSING OF THE SPHERE, ALREADY FAINT, STOPS ALTOGETHER. THE BEEPING STOPS AS THE DOCTOR TURNS OFF HIS CHARGER.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

Terribly useful in an emergency, though. I could get hours of extra call time now.

**NEWMAN:**

The sphere's stopped glowing.

**DOCTOR:**

Completely drained of energy. It's inert. Should be safe.

**ACE:**

But what is it?

**DOCTOR:**

Some species call it a God Seed.

**ACE:**

Very dramatic.

**DOCTOR:**

A lot of species are. It's a genetic seeding device.

**NEWMAN:**

(SARCASTIC) Oh good, glad that's sorted out then.

**DOCTOR:**

Nobody knows when they were first created, it's so long ago, but they were sent out on the winds of the universe...

**ACE:**

Like dandelion seeds?

**DOCTOR:**

(SLIGHTLY EXASPERATED AT THE INTERRUPTION) Not remotely. (BEAT) Well, not quite. There's a control unit as well as the seeds themselves, they divide on landing.

**NEWMAN:**

We didn't see a control unit. (BEAT) What does a control unit look like?

**DOCTOR:**

Do you want me to explain or not?

**NEWMAN:**

Sorry old chap.

**DOCTOR:**

They land on other planets, waiting to be activated.

**NEWMAN:**

(SHOCKED) Other planets?

**ACE:**

Where did you think our Coeey Libra came from? Leicester? This is space stuff, pay attention.

**50. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. MEL AND ROMERO RUNNING TOWARDS THE CHURCH. BEHIND THEM, THE SOUND OF THE CUÉLEBRE FLYING IN PURSUIT. ITS WINGS BEATING THE AIR.

**MEL:**

It's gaining on us!

**ROMERO:**

It can fly, of course it's gaining on us. I wish I still had my gun.

**MEL:**

Sorry.

**51. EXT CAVES.**

**DOCTOR:**

They absorb the DNA of the resident lifeforms, add it to their own and create a new species, a hybrid.

**ACE:**

That's why that thing looked like such a mess? A bit bird, a bit lizard..

**DOCTOR:**

And now a bit human. A piece of Phillippe's consciousness and DNA, now Mayor Ferrando... No hatching is the same. A constantly shifting, mutating species.

**NEWMAN:**

But why?

**ACE:**

Great way to invade. No space ships or battles, just a viral infection.

**DOCTOR:**

Precisely. It creates a handful of initial hybrids as a spearhead.

**ACE:**

An army of patient zeroes.

**DOCTOR:**

If you like. They spread the infection through touch. Each world is fully-converted, the original dominant life-form absorbed. And then...

**ACE:**

It sends more seeds off to the next planet?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. (BEAT) But they were thought to have been eradicated millennia ago.

**NEWMAN:**

Clearly not.

**DOCTOR:**

There was a universe-wide purge. By... well, by a very powerful race.

**ACE:**

A time-travelling one that normally bangs on about not interfering?

**DOCTOR:**

The High Council decided it had no choice. If left to flourish they foresaw a time when the entire universe would be seeded.

**ACE:**

Well they didn't do a very good job, did they? Otherwise we wouldn't be looking at this thing now.

**NEWMAN:**

(RUSTLE OF PAPER AS HE TURNS A PAGE IN HIS NOTEBOOK) And what were these creatures called?

**DOCTOR:**

I don't think you could pronounce the High Gallif- [reyan] (SURPRISED) Mr Newman! Are you taking notes?

**NEWMAN:**

I'm a reporter, of course I'm taking notes.

**ACE:**

It's the invasion of the Coeey Libras!

**DOCTOR:**

(CORRECTING HER, AS ALWAYS) Cuélebre! But it's as good a name as any, I suppose.

**NEWMAN:**

So how can they control the wildlife?

**DOCTOR:**

They can dominate and control most things, but less intelligent lifeforms are easier.

**ACE:**

Better watch out, George.

**NEWMAN:**

Well, thank you very much!

**DOCTOR:**

The control unit must be low on power. Hardly surprising considering how long it's probably been buried.

**NEWMAN:**

Until the bombs disturbed it.

**DOCTOR:**

The kinetic energy may even have activated it. They're very resourceful, they can convert most things into a viable power resource.

**ACE:**

So what are we going to do then?

**DOCTOR:**

(THINKS FOR A MOMENT) If it's that low on power I can probably drain the rest. Render the whole thing inert.

**ACE:**

Back to the bat cave!

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, and if I'm quick it may also knock out our infected mayor, which should keep Mel safe.

**ACE:**

Come on then! We'll show you the way.

FX. THEY DESCEND INTO THE CAVES.



**52. EXT FARISSA SQUARE (CONT. FROM SCENE 50).**

FX. MEL AND ROMERO ON THE RUN, THE CUÉLEBRE SWOOPS DOWN.

**MEL:**

Don't let it touch you, Juan!

FX. THEY DIVE, EFFORT AS THEY HIT THE GROUND AND ROLL. THE CUÉLEBRE SCREECHES.

**MEL & ROMERO:**

(EFFORT NOISES)

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES)

**MEL:**

Missed!

**ROMERO:**

We can't avoid it forever.

FX. GENERAL HUBBUB, THE CUÉLEBRE HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION, PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THEIR HOMES.

**TOWNSFOLK x 3:**

Mother Mary! / The Cuélebre! / We must do something! [ETC]

**MEL:**

Oh no... that's all we need!

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING TO THE CROWDS) You people! Get back inside! Bar your windows! Lock your doors!

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

(SCREECHES)

**MEL:**

It's going for them!

**TOWNSMAN #1:**

(ATTACKED) Aah!!

**TOWNSFOLK:**

It's got Pedro! / Get it off him!

**ROMERO:**

(TO TOWNSFOLK) Leave that man be! You can do nothing!

**MEL:**

(TO TOWNSFOLK) Whatever you do, don't let it touch you!

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**  
(SCREECHES)

FX. IT SLASHES AT 3 x TOWNSFOLK.

**TOWNSFOLK x 3:**  
(CRY OUT, SLASHED)

FX. MULTIPLE PULSES OF ENERGY. THEN THE SOUND OF CRACKING BONE AND TEARING FLESH AS THE INFECTION SPREADS AND TOWNSPEOPLE ARE CONVERTED.

**ROMERO:**  
They're all changing! All it did was touch them and they began to change!

**MEL:**  
Leave them, Juan! There's nothing we can do! The church – come on!

**ROMERO:**  
You think we should pray?

**MEL:**  
We just need to get under cover!

FX. THEY RUN.

**53. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Wide-scale infection triggered. Last power reserves draining.  
Prepare harvesting network.

**54. EXT. ESPERANZA**

FX. LUIS RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS OF HIS VILLAGE, THE SOUND OF THE RUNNING RIVER AND THE CHURNING OF THE WATER MILL RUNS THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

**LUIS:**

(SHOUTING) Everyone! Look! It's a miracle!

**VILLAGERS:**

Look, it's Luis! / Look at his skin!

FX. ONE OF LUIS' FELLOW SUFFERERS APPROACHES.

**VILLAGER:**

Luis? You're cured! How is it possible?

**LUIS:**

I told you! A miracle, my friend! Here –

FX. LUIS HUGS HIM VIOLENTLY. PATTING HIM ON THE BACK. SUDDENLY THERE IS A PULSE OF ENERGY, JUST AS HEARD IN SCENE 48, THE GENETIC TRANSFER.

**VILLAGER:**

(SHOCK) Ah! Your touch, it burns!

**LUIS:**

No, my friend. Don't you see...?

**VILLAGER:**

(DISBELIEVING) My skin! I'm... I'm...!

**LUIS:**

Now you're cured too! (LAUGHS ECSTATICALLY)

**55. INT. CAVES**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND NEWMAN WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TUNNELS.

**NEWMAN:**

I'm glad you had a torch, Doctor. Is there anything you can't find in your pockets?

**DOCTOR:**

The right change for vending machines. It's a universal rule.

**ACE:**

The bats have gone to bed.

**NEWMAN:**

Good.

**DOCTOR:**

Another sign that its power supply is on its last legs. (BEAT)  
Hopefully.

**ACE:**

For once it looks like we've hit lucky.

**NEWMAN:**

I'd hardly call the last few hours lucky.

**ACE:**

You want to meet us on a bad day. — Just through here, Professor.

FX. THEY SQUEEZE THROUGH THE NARROW PASSAGE.

**56. EXT. ESPERANZA.**

FX. GENERAL CELEBRATORY WILDTRACK, LUIS' CURE BEING SPREAD FROM ONE PERSON TO THE NEXT. THE SOUND OF THE MILL AND THE RIVER.

**VILLAGERS:**

Hooray! / Cured! / Look at me! Just look at me!

**LUIS:**

We're all cured. (BEAT) What's that? (BEAT) Oh well, you would try and take the credit, wouldn't you? Seems to me I did most of the hard work. (ALoud) Today is a very good day!

**VILLAGERS:**

(CHEER)

**57. INT. CAVES.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND NEWMAN STEP OUT INTO THE LARGE CAVERN.

**ACE:**

Look, all the seeds are inactive.

**NEWMAN:**

But where's this control unit of yours?

**DOCTOR:**

It'll be hidden. Cloaked.

FX. CRACKLE OF HIS WALKIE TALKIE

**MEL (D):**

Doctor? Are you there?

FX. HE PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm here, Mel. Are you safe?

**MEL (D):**

For now. —

CROSS TO:

**58. INT. CHURCH [CONTINUOUS]**

**MEL:**

Juan and I, we've barricaded ourselves inside the church.

**ROMERO:**

(OFF, CALLING) Jorge, take a couple of men up to the roof. These things can fly!

FX. SOLDIERS RUNNING OFF THROUGH:

**DOCTOR (D):**

You're not alone?

**MEL:**

No, we're with the rest of Juan's men. Doctor, the creature — the cuélebre, it got among the townsfolk. They've all turned into those... things!

CROSS BACK TO:



**59. INT. CAVES [CONTINUOUS]**

**ACE:**

(TO DOCTOR) I thought you said they were low on power?

**DOCTOR:**

Once the viral exchange is genetically programmed it runs independently. All it needed was one activated subject.

**MEL (D):**

Juan – the Commander – he thinks that if he can get his field radio going, he can call up reinforcements.

**DOCTOR:**

No, that's the last thing we need. –

CROSS BACK TO:

**60. INT. CHURCH [CONTINUOUS]**

**DOCTOR (D):**

Stay put, Mel. I'm doing what I can here.

**MEL:**

Well, please do it quickly! Melanie out.

FX. FROM OUTSIDE, MANY CUÉLEBRE FLAPPING WINGS, SCREECHING.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(OUTSIDE — ASSORTED SCREECHING)

**ROMERO:**

We will not be able to hold them for long.

**MEL:**

It's alright, Juan. The Doctor's all the reinforcements we need.

**ROMERO:**

You really think he can help against this?

**MEL:**

Believe me, this is an everyday situation so far as the Doctor's concerned.

**ROMERO:**

Everyday?!

**MEL:**

Like war is to you. You get used to it, I suppose.

**ROMERO:**

You're very strong, Melanie.

**MEL:**

(DEFENSIVE) For a woman?

**ROMERO:**

For anyone. (SMILES) Don't suppose you fancy joining up?

**MEL:**

I'm not the soldiering type.

**ROMERO:**

Running around dealing with oppressive monsters and saving lives? I'd say you were very much a soldier.

**MEL:**

It's different.

**ROMERO:**

If you say so. But I'd like it if you stayed.

FX. OUTSIDE THE SOUND OF THE CUÉLEBRE ABRUPTLY CEASES, THEY DON'T NOTICE.

**MEL:**

(SLIGHT FLIRT) Why? Because I'd make a good soldier?

**ROMERO:**

Maybe because you might make a good farmer.

**MEL:**

(REALISATION) Hang on, it's gone very quiet out there.

**ROMERO:**

Move over, let me take a look through the peephole.

FX. FEW STEPS TO DOOR. HE SWINGS OPEN CREAKY COVER OVER PEEPHOLE.

**MEL:**

(SOTTO) Well?

**ROMERO:**

(SOTTO) Strange... the creatures, they're all just stood there.

**MEL:**

(SOTTO) Show me. (THEY SWAP PLACES.) It's like they're in a trance.

**ROMERO:**

(SOTTO) Is that a good or bad thing?

**MEL:**

(SOTTO) I have absolutely no idea.

**61. INT CAVES.**

FX. THE DOCTOR IS SCRABBLING THROUGH THE ROCKS, THROWING THEM ASIDE, HUNTING. HE KEEPS THIS UP THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING.

**DOCTOR:**

Mr Newman, would you please hold that torch steady?!

**ACE:**

(SEARCHING, OFF) Yeah, it's hard enough trying to find this control unit without you plunging us into darkness every few seconds.

**NEWMAN:**

Sorry, I was just keeping an eye out for bats.

**DOCTOR:**

Bats are nothing to worry about!

**ACE:**

(OFF) Unless they're vampire bats.

**NEWMAN:**

(CONCERNED) Vampire bats?

**DOCTOR:**

Even then, they're not a problem.

**ACE:**

(OFF) Unless they're actual vampires.

**NEWMAN:**

(EVEN MORE CONCERNED) Actual vampires?

**DOCTOR:**

The Time Lords wiped them out. (BEAT) Most of them. (BEAT) I think.

**NEWMAN:**

Time Lords?

**DOCTOR:**

The same people that dealt with the Cuélebre.

**NEWMAN:**

But they didn't, did they? That's why we're here!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, yes, there is that. (HE FINDS WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR)  
Aha!

FX. SLIGHT BEEPING, REGULAR, LIKE A BURGLAR ALARM. ACE COMES RUSHING OVER. JUMPING ACROSS THE ROCKS.

**ACE:**

You found what we're looking for?

**DOCTOR:**

I believe I have.

**NEWMAN:**

That's it? That's the control unit?

**ACE:**

It's a bit small.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, yes, it's not the control unit. Just, a control unit.

**NEWMAN:**

For what?

**DOCTOR:**

The holographic shield hiding the control unit.

**NEWMAN:**

This is all rather confusing.

**ACE:**

Just nod from time to time, that's all he wants.

**DOCTOR:**

The torch! Shine it on here for me.

FX. HE STARTS WORKING. OCCASIONAL BLEEPS AS HE PRESSES BUTTONS AND TINKERS, RUNNING UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING. THE CRACKLE OF THE WALKIE TALKIE.

**MEL (D):**

Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Get that for me, would you, Ace?

**MEL (D):**

Doctor, are you there?

**ACE:**

Give me your dinosaur. (TAKES WALKIE TALKIE) This is the Doctor's messaging service. You alright, Mel?

**MEL (D):**

Fine. I think. The creatures have all just stopped moving. They're just stood there, staring into space, like they've been... I don't know, 'turned off' somehow.

FX. DOCTOR'S TINKERING NOISES CEASE.

**DOCTOR:**

What? Oh dear... that's not good.

FX. STARTS TINKERING AGAIN.

**MEL (D):**

What did he say?

**ACE:**

That's not good. Apparently.

**DOCTOR:**

(PARTIALLY DISTRACTED, WORKING AT THE SAME TIME) I told you the Cuélebre could convert most things to a power source?

**ACE:**

Yeah?

**DOCTOR:**

The human body is a perfectly good source of electrical energy. Limited... but if you have enough bodies...

**ACE:**

Like a whole town?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm working as quickly as I can.

**62. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN.**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Chemical power source engaged. Wetware cells online.  
Transferring. Back-up power supply now at two percent... three  
percent... four percent...

**63. INT CHURCH.**

FX. GENERAL ACTIVITY OF SOLDIERS, BUSTLING AROUND, MAKING SURE THEY'RE SECURE.

**ROMERO:**

Well? What did the Doctor say?

**MEL:**

He seems to think that the creatures draining the townspeople of energy. Like... walking batteries.

**ROMERO:**

Well, what happens once they've done that?

**MEL:**

He didn't say.

**ROMERO:**

So something bad, yes?



**64. INT. CAVES/CONTROL UNIT CAVERN.**

FX. THE DOCTOR TINKERING, BEEPS AND BUTTONS.

**NEWMAN:**

Can you stop it Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Only if I can get at it! And to get at it (PUNCTUATED WITH EFFORT AS HE WORKS ON THE DEVICE) I need to make this thing do as it's told!

FX. A SUDDEN WAVE OF SOUND. THE SHIELD DROPPING, TO REVEAL THE REST OF THE CONTROL UNIT CAVERN (IT'S BEEN SHIELDED TIL NOW).  
MAIN CONTROL UNIT FX.

**ACE:**

Like that?

**DOCTOR:**

Just like that.

**ACE:**

That's it, then? That's the main control unit?

**NEWMAN:**

It's huge, like a... like... (GIVES UP) I don't know what it's like.

**ACE:**

Massive big globe thing surrounded by spaghetti and little blibby blobby whirry machine things. Call yourself a writer?

FX. THE CONTROL UNIT VOICE IS NOW AUDIBLE, ECHOING AROUND THE CAVERN.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Back-up power levels at five percent... six percent... seven percent...

**65. INT. CHURCH.**

**ROMERO:**

We should move now, while we have the chance.

**MEL:**

They could come back to life at any moment.

**ROMERO:**

They could. We don't know. What we do know is that here we're trapped and that eventually they'll get in, there are just too many of them.

(BEAT)

**MEL:**

You're right. We should risk it.

**ROMERO:**

(CALLING) Everyone! To me!

FX. SOLDIERS RUNNING UP FROM OFF.

**ROMERO (CONT.):**

We need to get out of here. Past our winged friends and out of the town. No delaying. Do not engage. We just make for the hills and run. Understood?

**SOLDIERS:**

(COMING TO ATTENTION) Sir!

**ROMERO:**

Leave everything but essential kit, we travel light and we travel fast. If this works out, we can return to gather our equipment later.

**MEL:**

What about your wounded?

**ROMERO:**

(SIGHS) Hopefully we can return for them too. These men are still alive. I have to prioritise their safety. (BEAT) Do you agree? Mel?

**MEL:**

You're asking me?

**ROMERO:**

The idea of leaving them behind sickens me.

**MEL:**

(CONVICTION) You have no choice.

**ROMERO:**

Oh, there are always choices Mel, but thank you.

FX. HE KISSES HER.

**MEL:**

What was that for?

**ROMERO:**

For caring. (TO THE MEN) Come on!

FX. UNBOLTING THE CHURCH DOOR.

**66. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN.**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Back-up power levels at eight percent... nine percent... ten percent...

FX. IT KEEPS COUNTING UNDERNEATH THE BELOW. KEEP THE TENSION GOING.

**ACE:**

Can you turn it off?

**DOCTOR:**

(DISTRACTED, LOOKING AT THE CONTROLS) Probably. Maybe. (TO HIMSELF) Is that a fluidic capacitor? Or a bilateral flux net? (BEAT) Maybe it controls the windscreen wipers.

**ACE:**

(PLEADING) Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

This technology is millennia old, Ace! This isn't computer programming, it's archaeology!

**ACE:**

Shame Mel's not here, she's brilliant with computers.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, well – she's not, so you'll have to settle for me.

**NEWMAN:**

Can I help at all?

**DOCTOR:**

(DISMISSIVE) No! (BEAT) Actually, yes, come here and hold this down.

**NEWMAN:**

This handle?

**DOCTOR:**

Not unless you want to re-route the power in mid-flow, electrocuting yourself and likely blowing up the whole work station. The switch above it.

**NEWMAN:**

Oh. Right... and will that "electrocute" me?

**DOCTOR:**

Shouldn't have thought so. Ace, come here...

FX. NEWMAN PRESSES THE SWITCH.

**ACE:**

What can I do, Professor?

**DOCTOR:**

Those dials.

**ACE:**

Yes?

**DOCTOR:**

Whatever you do don't touch them, I have a feeling they might flush the Earth's atmosphere of oxygen. The slider button above them?

**ACE:**

Pumps lava into the sky?

**DOCTOR:**

No, that's definitely a phase regulator. I need you to move it very slowly to the left.

**ACE:**

Right!

**DOCTOR:**

Left!

**ACE:**

Got it.

**NEWMAN:**

(COUGHS FOR ATTENTION) It didn't electrocute me, by the way.

**DOCTOR:**

That's a relief.

**NEWMAN:**

What are you going to do?

**DOCTOR:**

Program a sequence into this keypad and hope for the best.

FX. BEGINS BIPPING INTO KEYPAD.

**67. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. THE CHURCH DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND MEL, ROMERO AND HIS MEN BEGIN TO CREEP OUT.

**ROMERO:**

(QUIET) Slowly does it, men. Quick movement may wake them up. Gently as you can. Once we're clear, run as fast as you can.

FX. THEY BEGIN TO TIPTOE THROUGH THE CUÉLEBRE

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) Look at them, Juan! They're so...

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) Beautiful?

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) Not the word I was going to use, no.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) I think they are. The feathers, the scales...

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) The teeth, the claws.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) Nature always has sharp edges. They remind me of when I was young. The Fiesta of Saint Gertrude. Patron of the recently dead.

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) What a job.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) The children would dress in weird costumes, like devils or demons. Running around the town, an army of the damned.

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) Sounds lovely.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) We loved it! Kicking up trouble. Then on the final day, we're banished from the town, the costumes are burned in a massive bonfire. The damned souls reborn into purity.

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) I hope we can banish this lot as easily.

FX. A SOFT CHIRPING OF ONE OF THE CUÉLEBRE, IT SHIFTS WITH A SLIGHT RUFFLE OF ITS WINGS.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(CHIRPS)

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) Oh no...!

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) What's wrong?

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) One of the barbs on its wings has caught my top! I'm trapped!

**68. INT. CONTROL CAVERN.**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Back-up power levels at forty-two percent. Re-routing from emergency cells.

FX. AN EXTRA SURGE OF POWER.

**NEWMAN:**

It's getting terribly excitable.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Main power cells coming on line.

**ACE:**

That doesn't sound good!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm working as fast as I can!



**69. EXT. CHURCH**

FX. THE SOLDIERS STILL CREEPING AROUND THE FROZEN CUÉLEBRE.

FX. SLIGHT TEARING OF FABRIC.

**ROMERO:**

(WHISPER) Don't move, Mel! If its flesh touches your skin...

**MEL:**

(WHISPER) I know! – Can you unhook it?

**ROMERO:**

I think so. Stay very still.

FX. MORE SLIGHT TEARING.

**ROMERO (CONT.):**

I've nearly got it... Just a bit more...

FX. TEARING.

**ROMERO (CONT.):**

Alright, step back, slowly.

FX. MEL DOES SO.

**MEL:**

(HUGE RELIEF) I'm clear.

FX. SLIGHT CHIRP FROM THE CUÉLEBRE.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(CHIRPS)

FX. WINGS RUSTLE.

**CUÉLEBRE x 2:**

(ANOTHER ONE CHIRPS, STIRRING. AND ANOTHER)

FX. MORE WINGS RUSTLING.

**ROMERO:**

Oh no... I think they're waking up!

**70. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Primary systems coming back online.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh dear...

FX. A SURGE OF POWER.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Programming interference detected. Security engaged.

**NEWMAN:**

Security? What sort of security?

FX. A BLAST OF ELECTRICITY AS IN SCENE 29 WHEN THE SPHERE  
ATTACKED LUIS. THE DOCTOR ENVELOPED FROM HERE.

**DOCTOR:**

(ENVELOPED BY ENERGY, CRIES OUT) Ahh!!!

**ACE:**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

(EFFORT) Keep back! Don't touch me! Don't touch anything!

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Higher life-form located. Harvesting knowledge. Prime energy  
source located...

**DOCTOR:**

(EFFORT) No!

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Connecting.

FX. A SURGE OF ELECTRICITY...

**ACE:**

Watch out!

FX. LONG BOLT OF LIGHTNING SHOOTS OUT OF THE CAVERN, PAST THEM.

**NEWMAN:**

What was that? It shot past us like, like lightning!

**ACE:**

It was lightning, stupid!

**NEWMAN:**

It's gone. Heading outside.

**ACE:**

Heading, exactly! It knew where it was going! It's aiming for something!

**NEWMAN:**

Something outside? But what?

**ACE:**

I wish I knew!

CUT TO:

**71. INT. TUNNELS (FX ONLY)**

FX. THE LIGHTNING FLASHING THROUGH THE STEREO FIELD, LEFT TO RIGHT. ECHOING, A SMALL TUMBLE OF ROCKS.

CUT TO:

**72. EXT. MOUTH OF THE CAVE (FX ONLY)**

FX. LIGHTNING BLASTS INTO THE OPEN AIR, ZIPS ACROSS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AGAIN.

CUT TO:

**73. EXT. HILLSIDE (FX ONLY)**

FX. SILENCE. THEN THE LIGHTNING HITS ITS TARGET (THE TARDIS, IN FACT). A ROAR OF ELECTRICITY.

CUT TO:

**74. INT. TARDIS (FX ONLY)**

FX. TARDIS ATMOSPHERE. LIGHTNING ARCS SUDDENLY, AS IF COMING THROUGH ROOF, INTO CONSOLE. POPS AND BURSTS OF CIRCUITS AS IT WREAKS HAVOC ON THE CONSOLE.

FX. CLOISTER BELL BEGINS TO TOLL.

CUT TO:

**75. INT CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS, EXTRA CRACKLE FROM THE ELECTRICITY WAVE THAT'S ENVELOPED THE DOCTOR.

**DOCTOR:**

(PAINED, STILL ENVELOPED) The TARDIS! I can feel... it's connecting to the TARDIS!

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Prime energy source connected. Total power supply at thirty per cent... forty per cent... fifty per cent... [sixty per cent... seventy per cent... eighty per cent... ninety per cent...]

FX. OVER THIS:

**NEWMAN:**

(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD) What do we do?

**ACE:**

I don't know!

**DOCTOR:**

(AGONISED) Ahhhh!!!!!!

**76. EXT CHURCH.**

FX. CUÉLEBRE REANIMATED, LOTS OF NOISE, RUFFLING OF WINGS, SCREECHING. SOLDIERS PANICKING.

**SOLDIERS:**

They're waking up!/ All of them!

**ROMERO:**

Don't panic, men! Just try to get clear of them!

**MANY CUÉLEBRE:**

(SCREECH, REACHING OUT FOR SOLDIERS)

**SOLDIERS:**

I'm caught!/ Me too!/ Oh, mercy! [ETC]

**MEL:**

They're not listening!

**ROMERO:**

Mel, stay close!

FX. THEY RUN. NOISE ALL AROUND THEM, SOLDIERS BEING TRANSFORMED LEFT AND RIGHT.

**SOLDIERS:**

(SCREAMING — THEIR SCREAMS TURNING INTO...)

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(... CUÉLEBRE SCREECHES)

**77. INT CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM OF ELECTRONICS AND THE WAVE OF ENERGY AROUND THE DOCTOR.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Total power supply: one hundred percent. Re-commence colonisation protocol. Final conversion engaged. Final conversion engaged.

**DOCTOR & CONTROL UNIT**

(SPEAKING WITH ONE VOICE) Final conversion engaged.

**ACE:**

Doctor!

**78. EXT CHURCH.**

FX. SOLDIERS BEING TRANSFORMED IN B/G.

**SOLDIERS:**

(SCREAMING – BECOMING CUÉLEBRE)

**ROMERO:**

Keep moving, Mel! We have to keep [moving!]

**MEL:**

(CRIES OUT, CAUGHT BY A CUÉLEBRE) Ah!

**ROMERO:**

(REALISATION) Mel...?

**MEL:**

Juan! It's got me...!

**ROMERO:**

No!

**MEL:**

Keep back! It's too late! – Juan, I'm sorry... (CRIES OUT AS SHE BEGINS TO TRANSFORM INTO A CUÉLEBRE)

FX. TRANSFORMATION FX.

**ROMERO:**

No! Mel!

FX. NOW FULLY TRANSFORMED, THE ARMY OF CUÉLEBRE ARE ALL CHANTING THE SAME THING AS THE CONTROL UNIT. THEIR VOICES SHOULD BE FILTERED BUT NOT ENOUGH THAT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY A FAMILIAR VOICE IN A MOMENT.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(CUÉLEBRE) Final conversion engaged. Final conversion engaged.

FX. WE 'ZOOM' RIGHT IN ON THE TRANSFORMED MEL, HER VOICE LOUD IN THE LISTENER'S EARS STILL RECOGNISABLE AS HER.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

Final conversion engaged.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME

**PART FOUR**

**REPRISE:**

**MEL:**

*Juan! It's got me...!*

**ROMERO:**

*No!*

**MEL:**

*Keep back! It's too late! – Juan, I'm sorry... (CRIES OUT AS SHE BEGINS TO TRANSFORM INTO A CUÉLEBRE)*

*FX. TRANSFORMATION FX.*

**ROMERO:**

*No! Mel!*

*FX. NOW FULLY TRANSFORMED, THE ARMY OF CUÉLEBRE ARE ALL CHANTING THE SAME THING AS THE CONTROL UNIT. THEIR VOICES SHOULD BE FILTERED BUT NOT ENOUGH THAT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY A FAMILIAR VOICE IN A MOMENT.*

**CUÉLEBRE:**

*(CUÉLEBRE) Final conversion engaged. Final conversion engaged.*

*FX. WE 'ZOOM' RIGHT IN ON THE TRANSFORMED MEL, HER VOICE LOUD IN THE LISTENER'S EARS STILL RECOGNISABLE AS HER.*

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

*Final conversion engaged.*

CUT TO:

**79. INT CONTROL CAVERN.**

*FX. CONTINUING FROM END OF 77. HUM OF ELECTRONICS, CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.*

**DOCTOR & CONTROL UNIT:**

*Final conversion engaged.*

**NEWMAN:**

*Ace! Get back!*

**ACE:**

*Why, what are you... George! No!*



**NEWMAN:**

The Doctor told me not to pull this lever, yes? Said it would cause some sort of feedback? Blow things up?

**ACE:**

Frying you to a crisp at the same time!

**NEWMAN:**

Let's find out shall we?

FX. HE WRENCHES THE LEVER. MASSIVE FEEDBACK OF ENERGY. BASS-POUNING PULSE THEN AN EXPLOSION. NEWMAN FALLING BACKWARDS WITH A SCREAM.

**NEWMAN:**

Aaahhh!!!

**ACE:**

George!

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Power-flow re-routed. Safety buffers not engaged. Feedback critical.

FX. ANOTHER, SMALLER EXPLOSION FROM OVER TO ONE SIDE.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency shut down in channels four, twelve and nineteen.

FX. THE SOUND OF POWER DROPS SLIGHTLY, THE CONTROL UNIT WINDING DOWN. ANOTHER SMALL EXPLOSION.

**DOCTOR:**

(MOANS) Urrghh...

FX. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR. ACE GRABS HIM, SLAPPING AT HIS FACE.

**ACE:**

Professor! Wake up! Professor!!!

FX. THE DOCTOR SPLUTTERS, COMING ROUND.

**DOCTOR:**

Stop slapping me! I'm sore enough as it is. What happened?

FX. ACE RUNS OVER TO NEWMAN.

**ACE:**

George threw that lever you warned him about.

**DOCTOR:**

The one that re-routes the power?

**ACE:**

Yes.

**DOCTOR:**

But I told him not to! (BEAT) The man's brilliant.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency repair commencing. Rerouting all processing to safety buffers.

FX. RUNS AFTER ACE.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

Is he alright?

**ACE:**

I don't know! I don't think he's breathing...

FX. NEWMAN SUDDENLY COUGHS.

**DOCTOR:**

George! You're brilliant!

**NEWMAN:**

(WOOZY) Oh... good.

**DOCTOR:**

Now excuse me while I get on with saving the world.

**NEWMAN:**

(STILL EXTREMELY DAZED) Righty ho.

FX. THE DOCTOR DASHES OFF.

**ACE:**

You sure you're alright?

**NEWMAN:**

No worse than a going a few rounds with you. Actually, maybe a bit. (SNIFFS) Is my hair on fire?

**ACE:**

Oh! Hang on...

FX. SHE SMACKS HIS HEAD SEVERAL TIMES TO PUT OUT THE SMOULDERING.

**NEWMAN:**

Ow! Ow!

**ACE:**

Oh shush, you're fine, just a bit of a short back and sides. Looks nice. Spiky. I'd better check on the Doctor.

FX. SHE RUNS BACK TO THE DOCTOR.

**ACE:**

What are you doing? Can you fix that thing?

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency repairs, thirty percent complete.

**DOCTOR:**

I've disconnected its link to the TARDIS but it's too late, it has more than enough power.

FX. HE KICKS THE CONSOLE IN FRUSTRATION

**DOCTOR:**

(GIVES A LITTLE ROAR) Stupid machine.

**ACE:**

So what do we do now?

**DOCTOR:**

(FRUSTRATED) I just don't know (BEAT) Yes I do. We fight on a different front. Grab George – we need to get out of here.

**ACE:**

Right.

FX. SHE DASHES BACK TO NEWMAN.

**ACE:**

Come on you, we need to get out of here.

**GEORGE:**

With pleasure.

FX. HE GETS UNSTEADILY TO HIS FEET.

**GEORGE:**

Whoah!

FX. HE STUMBLES.

**ACE:**

It's alright, lean on me.

**GEORGE:**

Sorry, legs are cramping.

**ACE:**

After what you did, you're lucky they're still attached.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency repairs, forty percent complete.

**DOCTOR:**

(SHOUTING) Come on! We've got until this thing repairs itself.

**ACE:**

Why? What happens after then?

**DOCTOR:**

We'd never get out of this place alive.

FX. THEY RUN.

**80. INT. CHURCH.**

FX. ROMERO CRASHES BACK THROUGH THE CHURCH DOORS, SLAMMING AND BOLTING THEM BEHIND HIM. HE SLUMPS DOWN, BREATHING HEAVILY, EXHAUSTED AND BROKEN.

**ROMERO:**

Oh, Mel...!

FX. OUTSIDE THE CUÉLEBRE HAVE STOPPED CHANTING. THERE IS A STEADY THUMP AT THE DOOR. IT'S MEL, SPEAKING AS THE TRANSFORMED CUÉLEBRE.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Oh, Juan...?

**ROMERO:**

Madre de dios!

FX. MEL CONTINUES TO THUMP STEADILY AT DOOR.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Open the door, Juan. There's no point in hiding in the church. Join us, Juan. Be us, Juan.

**ROMERO:**

(TO HIMSELF MORE THAN HER) Never...!

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) (CREEPY LAUGH)

**81. INT. TUNNELS.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND NEWMAN ON THE RUN. THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CONTROL UNIT'S FRANTIC ACTIVITY FADING BEHIND THEM.

**DOCTOR:**

We need to get back to Farissa.

**ACE:**

And then what?

**DOCTOR:**

And then do something terribly dangerous and terribly clever.

**NEWMAN:**

(SARCASTIC) Well, as long as you have a plan.

**ACE:**

The Professor always has a plan. How are your legs, George?

**NEWMAN:**

Better, they're not cramping now. Just pins and needles.

**ACE:**

Good! Then use them!

**NEWMAN:**

I'm going as fast as I can!

FX. WE FOLLOW THEM INTO THE NARROW PASSAGEWAY, EFFORT NOISES AS THEY SQUEEZE THROUGH.

**DOCTOR:**

(EFFORT) Rewriting DNA is a tricky business. It'll take a little time for it to fully stabilise.

**ACE:**

(EFFORT) How long?

**DOCTOR:**

(EFFORT) Not long, not now it has all the power it needs. Maybe an hour?

**NEWMAN:**

(EFFORT) I like a tight deadline.

FX. THEY EXIT THE TIGHT PASSAGE, NOW IN A WIDER TUNNEL

**DOCTOR:**

Until then it's possible that I can reverse the change. I hope.

**ACE:**

But the control unit's still active.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, but if we can combat all the infection there'll be nothing it can do.

**NEWMAN:**

Well, then what?

**DOCTOR:**

Then I'll have to figure out a way of shutting it down permanently.

**82. EXT. ESPERANZA.**

FX. THE CURED VILLAGERS MARCHING ALONG.

**VILLAGERS:**

(CHEERING HAPPILY)

**LUIS:**

Yes, well you can't keep good news like this to yourself, can you? Miracles should be shared. (BEAT) What's that? (BEAT) Well, no, they weren't exactly welcoming in Farissa last time, but I'm sure they'll be only too happy to see me now.



**83. INT. CHURCH**

FX. THE SOUND OF THE CUÉLEBRE STILL STALKING OUTSIDE, THE TRANSFORMED MEL TAUNTING ROMERO THROUGH THE DOOR.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Why fight it Juan? You wanted to be on the winning side. Now you can be.

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD) I wanted to be on the right side, there's a difference.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Soon there will be no right, no wrong. Just one nation. Our nation.

**ROMERO:**

(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD) Swarming over the country, forcing your ideology on everyone who's different? Now where have I heard that before?

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Not the country. Nothing so small. The world.

**ROMERO:**

(OUTSIDE) (SHOUTING TO BE HEARD) Then it's my duty to fight you, isn't it? Whatever it takes.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) With what? You can't harm us. You will soon be us. Until then you have nothing.

**ROMERO:**

(QUIET, TO HIMSELF, A DECISION MADE) Not quite, I have a field radio.

FX. HE WALKS OVER TO THE RADIO, PICKS IT UP AND HEADS TOWARDS THE STAIRS.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(OUTSIDE) Juan? Are you still listening? Juan? There's nowhere to run. No way to escape.

FX. FOLLOW JUAN AS HE RUNS UP THE STAIRS.

**ROMERO:**

(TO HIMSELF) Maybe not, but I'll settle for being out of earshot...

**84. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. ACE, THE DOCTOR AND NEWMAN, RUNNING TOWARDS THE TARDIS.

**ACE:**

What did you want the sphere for?

**DOCTOR:**

To reprogram it.

FX. RATTLE OF KEYS, HE UNLOCKS THE TARDIS.

**NEWMAN:**

(SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC) Your police box? Planning on bringing in Scotland Yard, are you?

**ACE:**

You'll see. Step inside George, I'll hold your jaw for you when it drops.

**85. INT. CHURCH TOWER.**

FX. WE CAN STILL HEAR THE CUÉLEBRE SCREECHING RANDOMLY OUTSIDE BUT THEY'RE FAINT. ROMERO HAVING HOLED HIMSELF UP IN THE TOWER. THE CRACKLE AND WHINE OF THE RADIO AS HE POWERS IT UP (OLD VALVES ETC).

**ROMERO:**

Hello, this is Farissa calling Nationalist forces. Farissa calling Nationalist forces. Republican commander Juan Romero is hiding in the town with the full support of the locals. Last night's bomb raid caused minimal casualties. A further strike would wipe out both him and his men. This is an opportunity for a major Nationalist victory. Suggest bombing raid ordered as soon as possible. Map reference to follow...

FX. HE PULLS OUT A MAP.

**ROMERO:**

(TO HIMSELF) Who would have thought I'd be banking on the Nationalists to save the country? (INTO THE RADIO) This is Farissa, I repeat, this is Farissa, is anyone receiving me? Map reference for aerial strike follows...

**86. INT. TARDIS**

FX. TARDIS ATMOSPHERE.

**NEWMAN:**

I say... I've never seen the like...

FX. THE DOCTOR BUSIES HIMSELF AT THE CONSOLE.

**DOCTOR:**

I know, the control unit caused an awful mess. It's mostly superficial though, a few burned-out circuits...

**ACE:**

That's not what he meant, Doctor, and you know it.

**DOCTOR:**

(JOKING) Well, if you tidied up after yourself once in a while I wouldn't be so embarrassed to accept guests.

**ACE:**

(DEADPAN) Ha ha. Are you alright, George?

**NEWMAN:**

Fine. Brilliant. Stupendous. Possibly drunk?

**ACE:**

It takes a bit of getting used to.

FX. THE DOCTOR FINISHES FIDDLING.

**DOCTOR:**

There, that'll stop them trying to steal my power again. Now to take a look at the sphere.

FX. HE OPENS A ROUNDEL, PULLING OUT SOME WIRES AND GADGETRY.

**ACE:**

What are you going to do with all that then?

**DOCTOR:**

Wire the sphere up to the TARDIS databanks, reprogram it to transmit human baseline DNA.

**ACE:**

Create our very own God Seed?

**DOCTOR:**

Precisely. Take it to Farissa and let it wreak havoc on the transformed townsfolk.

**ACE:**

And once they're all back to normal we go back and blow up the control unit. (MOCK INNOCENT) I can do that bit if you like? You know... if it's helpful.

**DOCTOR:**

(GENTLY REMONSTRATING) Ace... If you really want to help?

**ACE:**

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Yeah?

**DOCTOR:**

Check on Mel.

**ACE:**

How? — Oh yeah, still got that stupid dinosaur.

FX. SHE PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE.

**ACE (CONT):**

Mel? It's Ace, are you reading me? Mel?

FX. NOTHING BUT CRACKLE.

**NEWMAN:**

That's not good.

**DOCTOR:**

(ANGRY AT HIMSELF MORE THAN ANYTHING) Surely she stayed in the church? She should have been fine!

**ACE:**

Against a whole town of cooey libras?

**DOCTOR:**

That church was built to withstand invading armies of Moors! She should have been perfectly secure.

**ACE:**

(TRYING AGAIN) Mel? Can you hear me Mel?

FX. THE DOCTOR BUSIES HIMSELF WITH HIS WIRES AND THE SPHERE.

**DOCTOR:**

Keep trying, I'll rig this up as quickly as I can.

**87. INT. CHURCH TOWER.**

FX. ROMERO TURNS OFF THE RADIO. A BEAT.

**ROMERO:**

(TO HIMSELF) Forgive me Mel, if there is anything of you left inside that... thing. But it's all I can do. In about twenty minutes there'll be nothing but noise, light and fire. And then we'll all be back to those quiet fields. Forever.

FX. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES DOWNSTAIRS.

**ROMERO (CONT.):**

What in heaven's name was that?

CROSS DIRECTLY TO:

**88. INT. CHURCH [NAVE, DOWNSTAIRS]**

FX. A BEAT. TARDIS DOORS OPEN.

**DOCTOR:**

Mel?

**ACE:**

(PUSHING PAST) Mind out, Professor. (CALLING OUT) Mel? Mel!

FX. NEWMAN FOLLOWS THEM OUT. DOOR CLOSED BEHIND.

**NEWMAN:**

(TO HIMSELF) Magic box brings us to the church. Of course it does. Magic box can do anything.

**ACE:**

(SHOUTING) Mel! (TO THE DOCTOR) Where is she, Professor?

FX. ROMERO COMES DOWN THE STEPS.

**ROMERO:**

They caught her. The creatures... I tried to save her, but...

**ACE:**

She's become one of them?!?

**DOCTOR:**

It's alright, Ace, I'll get her back. I promise.

**ACE:**

You hope.

**ROMERO:**

How did you get in here (SPOTS THE TARDIS) and what's that box doing?

**DOCTOR:**

Never mind that box. We need to get to work.

**NEWMAN:**

The Doctor has a trick up his sleeve, that glowing gadget of his.

FX. SPHERE BEGINS PULSING.

**ROMERO:**

That can save her? Save all of them?

**ACE:**

It's called a God Seed but we've broken it.

**DOCTOR:**

Broken it in useful and effective ways. We need to be careful. If we just walk out there...

**ACE:**

We'll be swamped before we can do anything.

**DOCTOR:**

Precisely. It should be quick. But the numbers aren't exactly on our side.

**ROMERO:**

I don't understand much but it sounds like you need a distraction.

**ACE:**

You've got it. Professor, I'll run out of the door, and when the cooey libras start chasing me, you can come behind and start blasting them with that thing.

**DOCTOR:**

That's terribly dangerous.

**ACE:**

Yeah, well, I can hack it. Anyway, if they convert me you'll just have to convert me back won't you?

**DOCTOR:**

If it even works. The two viral infections will be fighting one another. I think a secondary infection will dominate the first, but...

**NEWMAN:**

You just do your thing, old man. If anyone can sort this out, it's you.

**ROMERO:**

(SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Be ready.

**ACE:**

Eh? — Juan!

FX. ROMERO THROWS BACK THE BOLTS OF THE CHURCH DOOR.

**ROMERO:**

Make sure Mel's alright, won't you? (RUNS OUT OF DOOR, INTO:)



**89. EXT. CHURCH [CONTINUOUS]**

FX. ROMERO RUNS OUT OF THE DOOR SHOUTING.

**ROMERO:**

Come on then! You wanted me to join you? Let's see if you're worthy!

FX. CUÉLEBRE SCREECH, SOME SHOUTING.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

Get him!/ Seize him! [ETC]

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

No!!! He's mine!

FX. ROMERO RUNS OFF.

**90. INT. CHURCH.**

FX. THE LOUD PULSE OF THE SPHERE.

**ACE:**

Quickly, Professor!

**NEWMAN:**

I'll help.

FX. HE RUNS TO THE DOOR.

**ACE:**

George! You're not going out there too?

**NEWMAN:**

"Adrenaline junkie", remember? More the merrier will get you the distraction you need. Just do what has to be done.

FX. HE RUNS OUT.

**DOCTOR:**

Come on, Ace! After them.

FX. THEY FOLLOW.

**92. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. ROMERO SPRINTING ALONG. CUÉLEBRE TRYING TO CATCH HIM, BEATING WINGS, ALIEN SNARLS.

**CUÉLEBRE:**  
(CHASING, SNARLING)

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**  
You can't run forever, Juan!

**ROMERO:**  
(PATRONIZING) Of course I can! I've spent the last three years avoiding death and capture. I'm a master at it. Keep up.

**CUÉLEBRE:**  
(SCREECHES LOUDLY, RIGHT ON TOP OF US/HIM)

FX. ROMERO SKIDS ON THE GROUND. THEN BREAKS FOR FREEDOM, HIS VOICE ZIPPING RIGHT ACROSS THE STEREO FIELD.

**ROMERO:**  
Too slow, my friends! Too slow!

CUT TO:

**93. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. NEWMAN RUNNING. CUÉLEBRE SURROUNDING HIM.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(CHASING, SNARLING)

**NEWMAN:**

I was winger on the school Rugger team, not a man could lay his hands on me, I'd like to see you lot do better!

CUT TO:

**94. EXT. CHURCH.**

FX. THE PULSE OF THE SPHERE. ACE AND THE DOCTOR RUNNING.

**DOCTOR:**

Got it! It's working!

**ACE:**

Then use it!

FX. A CUÉLEBRE BEARING DOWN ON THE DOCTOR AND ACE.

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

Doctor...

**ACE:**

I know that one...! It's the Mayor of the Coeey Libras!

**FERRANDO (CUÉLEBRE):**

Doctor!!!

**ACE:**

(TO DOCTOR) They can speak now?

**DOCTOR:**

They've absorbed the human language as part of this hatching. Get back, Ace, you're in the line of fire. (BEAT) Right... Cross your fingers... aaand...

FX. CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY. HITS THE CUÉLEBRE. IT SCREECHES.

**FERRANDO:**

(CUÉLEBRE) Ahhh!!!!

FX. CONVERSION SOUND. FERRANDO'S SCREAM SUDDENLY BECOME HUMAN.

**ACE:**

It works!

**DOCTOR:**

(CLEARLY VERY RELIEVED) Of course it does. (RUNNING OVER) Mr Mayor? Antonio?

**FERRANDO:**

Doctor? I... Mother Mary, what happened to me?

**DOCTOR:**

The same thing that's happened to the rest of your town, I'm afraid.

FX. ANOTHER CUÉLEBRE.

**CUÉLEBRE:**  
(SCREECH)

FX. THE SPHERE FIRES AGAIN. THE CUÉLEBRE SCREAMS AND, ONCE AGAIN THE SCREAM BECOMES HUMAN.

**TOWNSPERSON:**  
Aaah!!!

**ACE:**  
Two down!

**DOCTOR:**  
Only a few hundred more to go.

**95. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. ROMERO STILL ON THE RUN. HE SKIDS, HE FALLS.

**ROMERO:**  
(EFFORT AS HE HITS THE GROUND).

**CUÉLEBRE:**  
Got you now!

**ROMERO:**  
Is that you, Rodrigo? Come on then, see if you're a better monster than you were a cook!

FX. IT GRABS HIM. HIS LAST LINE SHIFTING IN TONE AS HE TRANSFORMS.

**ROMERO:**  
For the Republic! This land (CHANGES) is mine!

**96. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. THE CONSTANT PULSE AND FIZZ OF THE SPHERE, THE DOCTOR DOING HIS BEST TO CATCH AS MANY AS HE CAN.

**DOCTOR:**

Take that! And you! And another... Oh this is all going surprisingly well!

**TOWNSFOLK:**

(GENERAL RESPONSE NOISES) Ah! / Oh! / Urgghh!

**ACE:**

Doctor! Over there! They've got Juan! Where's George? George?  
(SPOTS HIM) Oh ho! (SHOUTING) George... behind you!

CUT TO:



**97. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. NEWMAN, EXHAUSTED, BREATHING HEAVILY.

**4 x CUÉLEBRE:**

(SURROUND HIM, SNARLING)

**NEWMAN:**

Four on one, eh? Not very sporting. Well come on, then...

FX. THEY GRAB HIM, HIS LINE TRANSFORMING IN TONE AS HE DOES.

**NEWMAN (CONT.):**

... do your worst!

CUT TO:

**98. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE**

FX. BACK TO ACE AND THE DOCTOR, STILL USING THE SPHERE.

**DOCTOR:**

Too many! There are just... too many!

**ACE:**

Doctor, look out!!!

**CUÉLEBRE:**

(SCREECHES AND LASHES OUT...)

**DOCTOR:**

(WIND KNOCKED OUT OF HIM AS HE FALLS)

FX. SPHERE PULSES LOUDLY AS IT FALLS FROM HIS HANDS.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

No! The sphere...

FX. THE TRANSFORMED MEL WALKS TOWARDS HIM, HER VOICE FADING IN.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE) :**

Butterfingers, Doctor. Did you drop your little toy?

**ACE:**

Mel?

**DOCTOR:**

Mel, please! I know you're still her. Inside. Still our friend. Still the brave and wonderful Melanie Bush. Fight it!

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

It's a pretty toy, Doctor. But I have one too.

FX. SHE COCKS A GUN.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE) :**

Is your toy bullet-proof, I wonder?

**DOCTOR:**

No, Mel! Please! Fight it!

**ACE:**

Mel! You don't have to do this, you're strong.. you can control this.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

(CONFUSED) Control? Doctor? Ace...?

**DOCTOR:**

That's it, Mel!

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

Control? (THE ALIEN DNA REASSERTS ITSELF) Why would I want to?

FX. GUNSHOT. THE SPHERE PULSES AND EXPLODES. BEAT.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

No, apparently it's not bullet-proof. (TRIUMPHANTLY) Anti-viral threat neutralised!

**MANY CUÉLEBRE:**

(SCREECH TRIUMPHANTLY)

**ACE:**

No!

FX. ACE AND THE DOCTOR HUDDLED CLOSE. THEIR VOICES QUIET, FINAL.

**ACE (CONT.):**

You tried your best, Professor.

**DOCTOR:**

It wasn't good enough.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

Take my hand, Doctor, Mel. We can all be best friends again.  
(LAUGHS)

FX. LUIS AND THE REST OF HIS VILLAGERS ARE APPROACHING.

**LUIS:**

(DISTANCE) Hello! Are you having a fiesta? We love fiesta days!

**ACE:**

Is that... Luis?

**DOCTOR:**

And the rest of his village, it looks like. (SHOUTING) Luis!  
Get back! All of you! Run!

**99. EXT. FARISSA**

FX. WE MOVE CLOSE ON LUIS. A CUÉLEBRE ADVANCES ON HIM.

**CUÉLEBRE:**

You will join us!

**LUIS:**

Lovely costumes! Very impressive! May I feel?

FX. LUIS TOUCHES HIM, THE TRANSFORMATION SOUND.

**LUIS (CONT.):**

(SHOCKED) Oh! I'm sorry! Strange things happen when people touch me. It's this miracle of mine. I made your costume vanish!

**CUÉLEBRE:**

Get them!/ Turn them! [ETC]

FX. THE SOUND OF MULTIPLE TRANSFORMATIONS AS THE CUÉLEBRE GRAB THE VILLAGERS AND ARE TURNED BACK TO HUMAN. RUNS UNDER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING.

**LUIS:**

(GENUINELY SORRY) And it seems contagious. All of my friends can do it now. I'm so sorry – you said you didn't want my disease and now it's ruining your lovely costumes!

**100. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. THE SOUND OF CUÉLEBRE BEING TRANSFORMED BACK TO HUMAN RUNS THROUGHOUT. THE SOUND COMING CLOSER.

**ACE:**

What's happening?

**DOCTOR:**

I have no idea... Luis and his friends seem able to transform everyone back.

**ACE:**

But how?

**DOCTOR:**

Right now I don't care. (CALLS) Luis! Listen to me, touch everyone! You and your friends must touch everyone!

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

No!

**LUIS:**

(COMING OVER) It's Mel, isn't it? You were Mel. You were kind to Luis.

**MEL (CUÉLEBRE):**

Keep back! Keep away from me!

FX. THERE'S A TRANSFORMATION SOUND. HER NEXT LINE SHIFTS IN TONE AS SHE'S CHANGED BACK TO THE MEL WE KNOW. SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND.

**ACE:**

He's changed Mel back!

**LUIS:**

Like that, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Exactly like that! But everyone, you must change everyone back.

**LUIS:**

(UNCERTAIN) If you're sure?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm sure!

**ACE:**

Mel? You OK? Mel!

**MEL:**

(GROGGY) I think so... Oh, it was horrible!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm so sorry, Mel. I let you down...

FX. ROMERO APPROACHES. HIMSELF AGAIN.

**ROMERO:**

You did nothing of the kind, Doctor.

**ACE:**

Soldier boy! You're you again!

**ROMERO:**

It was me that let her down.

**MEL:**

(GROANS) If the pair of you have quite finished... The world doesn't rest on your shoulders you know. I can stand on my own two feet occasionally.

**ACE:**

(LAUGHS) You tell 'em, Mel!

FX. THEY HUG. NEWMAN APPROACHES.

**NEWMAN:**

Are we winning?

**ACE:**

George! Good to have you back!

**ROMERO:**

(SUDDEN REALISATION) Oh no...! The bombing raid...!

(BEAT)

**DOCTOR:**

(STEEL) The what?

CUT STRAIGHT TO:

**101. INT. CHURCH.**

MUSIC: PUNCH OF ACTION. PACE THROUGH THE ROOF.

FX. DOORS BARREL OPEN AS THE DOCTOR, ROMERO, ACE, MEL AND NEWMAN SPRINT INTO THE CHURCH TO THE TARDIS.

**ROMERO:**

I'm sorry, I called the Nationalists, told them where I was!

**DOCTOR:**

Idiot!

**ROMERO:**

I thought it was our only option, it was that or risk them taking over everything.

**MEL:**

(FORGIVING) We know, Juan, we know.

**NEWMAN:**

We should evacuate the town. We may still have time.

**DOCTOR:**

Under no circumstances. Don't breathe a word about this. It's vitally important everyone stays exactly where they are.

**ACE:**

What are we going to do then?

FX. THE DOCTOR OPENS THE TARDIS DOORS.

**DOCTOR:**

Two birds. One stone. Stay here. All of you. Everyone. It's important.

FX. SLAMS THE DOORS BEHIND HIM. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

CUT STRAIGHT TO:

**102. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN**

FX. HUM AND BUZZ OF THE CONTROL UNIT. TARDIS LANDS. DOORS OPEN.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency. Emergency. All scout-forms are reading inoperative. Unknown viral trigger reasserting human baseline.

FX. DOCTOR RUNS OUT, SEARCHING IN THE RUBBLE, THROWING STONES THIS WAY AND THAT.

**DOCTOR:**

(URGENT) Where did I put it? Oh Doctor, your clumsiness will be the death of you one day. (BEAT) And everyone else for that matter.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Supposition. Partially converted secondary scout-form retained viral wetware due to halted conversion. Secondary scout-form spreading human baseline as per programming.

**DOCTOR:**

What? You mean you cured and then partially converted Luis? Then let him go? That would explain it! He's been spreading the good news!

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Alert! Higher lifeform detected. Emergency conversion required.

**DOCTOR:**

Oops! Learn when to keep your mouth shut, Doctor. (FINDS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR) Aha! There it is.

FX. SPHERES BEGIN PULSING ALL AROUND HIM.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Convert! Convert! Convert!

**DOCTOR:**

Not today thank you!

FX. VANISHES BACK INTO THE TARDIS. DOORS SHUT. IT DEMATERIALISES.



**103. INT. TARDIS.**

FX. TARDIS ATMOSPHERE.

**DOCTOR:**

(MUMBLING AS HE WORKS) That's it... Hover mode. Aerial scanning... Put that there... and swap it with... that. (BIG SMILE, UTTERLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Oh very good, Doctor!

CUT STRAIGHT TO.

**105. EXT. HILLSIDE.**

FX. TARDIS LANDS. DOORS OPEN. LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING THE DOCTOR RUSHES OUT, IN HIS HANDS THE CONTROL UNIT FOR THE HOLOGRAPHIC SHIELD, WITH ITS REGULAR BURGLAR ALARM STYLE BLEEP.

**DOCTOR:**

(BREATHLESS) You'd think... with my lifestyle... I'd always regenerate with long legs...

FX. HE PLACES THE HOLOGRAPHIC SHIELD ON THE GROUND.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

Right, stored images... yes. Boost range... done. Now: Activate!

FX. THE NOISE USED FOR THE HOLOGRAPHIC SHIELD IN SCENE 59. THE VERY FAINTEST SOUND OF APPROACHING PLANES.

**DOCTOR (CONT.):**

Perfect. (BEAT) There was something else I had to do. Something important...

FX. THE APPROACHING PLANES GETTING LOUDER.

**DOCTOR:**

Bombers! That was it! Run!

FX. HE SPRINTS OFF. STRAIGHT INTO THE TARDIS. DOORS CLOSE. IT DEMATERIALISES.

CUT STRAIGHT TO:

**106. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. WE CAN CLEARLY HEAR THE SOUND OF PLANES NOW. TARDIS LANDS. DOCTOR STEPS OUT. THERE'S A GENERAL HUBBUB OF CONCERN.

**TOWNSFOLK:**

Bomber planes! / The Nationalists! / They're coming for us! [ETC]

**ACE:**

(DISTANT) Professor?

FX. ACE, ROMERO, MEL AND NEWMAN RUNNING OVER.

**DOCTOR:**

(ANNOUNCING TO THE CROWDS, HAPPILY) Don't worry, everyone! The planes aren't coming here. Today is a happy day! Fiesta! A taste of the real Spain! Olé!

FX. HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE.

**ROMERO:**

But the planes are coming here!

**DOCTOR:**

(STILL VERY PLEASED) Who says? I don't. Anyone fancy some tapas? I'd love some tapas. It's been a very long day.

FX. THE PLANES GETTING LOUDER.

**MEL:**

(KNOWING) What have you done?

**DOCTOR:**

Well, the planes are going to bomb the town.

**NEWMAN:**

(EXASPERATED) But this is the town!

**DOCTOR:**

I know that. But the men in those planes don't.

**ROMERO:**

There's nothing else for miles around. They can see it!

**DOCTOR:**

Aha! But that's the fun bit. They can't. Remember the control unit?

**ACE:**

The big control unit or the small one?

**DOCTOR:**

The small one.

**NEWMAN:**

Controlling the (STRUGGLES) hollergryphic...

**ACE:**

(INTERRUPTING) Holographic shield thingy.

FX. PLANES ALMOST ON TOP OF THEM.

**DOCTOR:**

That's the one. Well, thanks to the extra boost of power from the TARDIS I was able to stretch its range a bit.

**ROMERO:**

I have no idea what you're talking about.

**MEL:**

Neither do I. But as he's so cheerful we're probably fine.

**DOCTOR:**

I popped into the TARDIS. Took an aerial image of the town and an aerial image of the caves..

**ACE:**

And swapped them!!!

**DOCTOR:**

(SLIGHTLY DEFLATED) You stole my punchline.

FX. THE PLANES PASS OVER.

**NEWMAN:**

I still don't altogether get it.

**ACE:**

From the air. The bit of hill with the caves in it...

**DOCTOR:**

(INTERRUPTING) And the control unit.

**ACE:**

The big one. To the bombers, it looks like the town. But the town...

**DOCTOR:**

Looks like nothing but hillside. Perfectly hidden.

**NEWMAN:**

So they're bombing the wrong target!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, that rather depends on whether you wanted to destroy a lethal alien seeding unit. doesn't it?

FX. IN THE DISTANCE BOMBS START FALLING. DISTANT EXPLOSIONS.

CUT STRAIGHT TO:

**107. INT. CONTROL UNIT CAVERN.**

FX. DISTANT EXPLOSIONS. CAVERN FALLING IN, TUMBLING ROCKS, DEBRIS. CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

**CONTROL UNIT:**

Emergency. Aerial attack. Damage increasing. Damage...

FX. ONE ALMIGHTY LANDSLIDE. THE CONTROL UNIT CUT OFF WITH AN EXPLOSION OF SPARKS AND A WHINE OF DESTROYED ELECTRONICS.

CUT STRAIGHT TO:

**108. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE.**

FX. WE CAN STILL HEAR THE DISTANT BOMBS.

**DOCTOR:**

Fireworks for a happy fiesta day! (BEAT) Now I really think I do deserve tapas.

FX. HE WANDERS OFF, HIS VOICE FADING.

**DOCTOR (CONT.)**

Those nice spicy potato things. And omelette. And manchego [MAN-CHAY-GO] cheese. And alioli [AL-EE-OH-LEE]. And figs. Maybe even... oh why not... a large glass of nispero juice.

**ROMERO:**

I'm still utterly confused.

**NEWMAN:**

Don't let it worry you, let's see if a bottle of red wine helps.

**ACE:**

Come on Mel, let's see if we can sneak a glass past the Doctor.

**MEL:**

Maybe even two.

FX. THEY ALL START TO WALK AWAY. VOICES FADING.

**MEL:**

Oh, I've just thought... he seems worryingly cheerful.

**ACE:**

Don't worry. I hid his spoons in the TARDIS ages back.

**MEL:**

He'll find more...

MUSIC: GENTLE TRANSITION

**109. EXT. HILLSIDE (MUCH LATER)**

FX. THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE FIESTA. A SLIGHT WIND. THE CHIRP OF CICADAS. MEL AND ROMERO, A LITTLE BIT IN LOVE, BUT NOW A TOUCH OF MELANCHOLY.

**MEL:**

Juan? – It's been a lovely party, Juan.

**ROMERO:**

It has. But now you have to go – is that what you're telling me?

**MEL:**

So do you.

**ROMERO:**

The war goes on Mel, my men and I need the rest but... it was never the end.

**MEL:**

It could be. You could leave, you know. Come with me?

(BEAT)

**ROMERO:**

I can't. You know I can't.

**MEL:**

We could go anywhere. The Doctor can do that. Anywhere. Find a piece of land somewhere...

**ROMERO:**

These are my lands, Mel. I'm fighting to protect them.

**MEL:**

But if it kills you?

**ROMERO:**

Then I will die having tried.

**MEL:**

Is it worth that?

**ROMERO:**

Someone who has fought monsters for so long and you have to ask? If half of what you've told me over the last couple of days is true, you know I have to do this.

**MEL:**

What I do with the Doctor is different.



**ROMERO:**

Only through geography. My country is oppressed. My people are dying. I can't abandon them.

**MEL:**

(BEAT. FINALLY ACCEPTING) No.

**ROMERO:**

I could ask you to stay with me...

**MEL:**

Oh, Juan...

**ROMERO:**

... but I wouldn't. This is no life. Not really. If you can choose not to live it.

**MEL:**

You choose it.

**ROMERO:**

I do, in the hope that others won't have to make such a choice. Like you. Go, travel on. Be amazing.

**MEL:**

I'll try.

**ROMERO:**

You'll succeed.

FX. THEY KISS. SLOW FADE TO:

**110. EXT. FARISSA SQUARE (LATER)**

FX. FOLLOWING MORNING. SOUND OF THE FOUNTAIN. LUIS AND FERRANDO ARE TALKING AS THEY PASS US BY, THEIR CONVERSATION FADING IN FROM THE LEFT AND FADING OUT TO THE RIGHT.

**LUIS:**

Oh I'm sure we can help. We're good workers my friends and I and, with the war on, we all need all the help we can get.

**FERRANDO:**

We're happy to trade supplies. If the two towns work together we can make the best of it. (BEAT) I'm sorry for the way we treated you, my friend. It was... un-Christian...

**LUIS:**

Oh don't worry about all that. (BEAT) What's that? He's trying to apologise, let him! (BEAT) Who's having this conversation me or you?

**FERRANDO:**

I'm sorry... who are you talking to?

FX. THEY FADE AWAY. WE HOLD OUR POSITION. ACE AND NEWMAN ARE SAT IN THE SQUARE, LISTENING AS WE JUST DID.

**NEWMAN:**

Well, the townsfolk seem to be sorting themselves out. There's been a fair bit of damage to the town what with all those..

**ACE:**

Cooey libras.

**NEWMAN:**

Yes. Well their stay was brief but they weren't the best of guests.

FX. MEL ARRIVES.

**MEL:**

(SLIGHTLY SUBDUED) Everyone will be fine. Pull together. It's what you do in war.

**ACE:**

(CONCERNED) You OK, Mel?

**MEL:**

(BEAT) Not really. But I will be. Life goes on. For most of us.

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKS UP.

**DOCTOR:**

Time to go.

**MEL:**

Yes.

**NEWMAN:**

We're heading out ourselves shortly. Back into the fray.

**MEL:**

Keep an eye on him, will you?

**NEWMAN:**

(KINDLY) I'll do my best.

FX. HE GETS UP.

**NEWMAN (CONT.):**

Lovely to meet you all. (CLOSE, TO ACE) Even you, Ace.

**ACE:**

(FRIENDLY) Even you, stupid boy.

FX. NEWMAN LEAVES.

**DOCTOR:**

Are you ready?

**MEL:**

Yes, let's just go.

FX. GETS UP.

**DOCTOR:**

(GENTLE) 'History hurts' – wasn't that what you said, Mel?

**MEL:**

Yes. You told me 'It also inspires'.

**DOCTOR:**

We were both right.

(BEAT)

**ACE:**

Come on.

FX. FEW STEPS TO TARDIS. THEY STEP INSIDE. IT DEMATERIALISES. A MOMENT OF SILENCE, JUST THE TRICKLING FOUNTAIN.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.